BRITANNIA and EVE

MAY, 1951

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 42 No. 5 MAY, 1951

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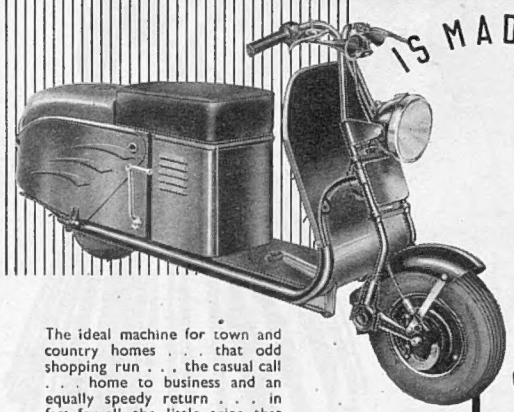

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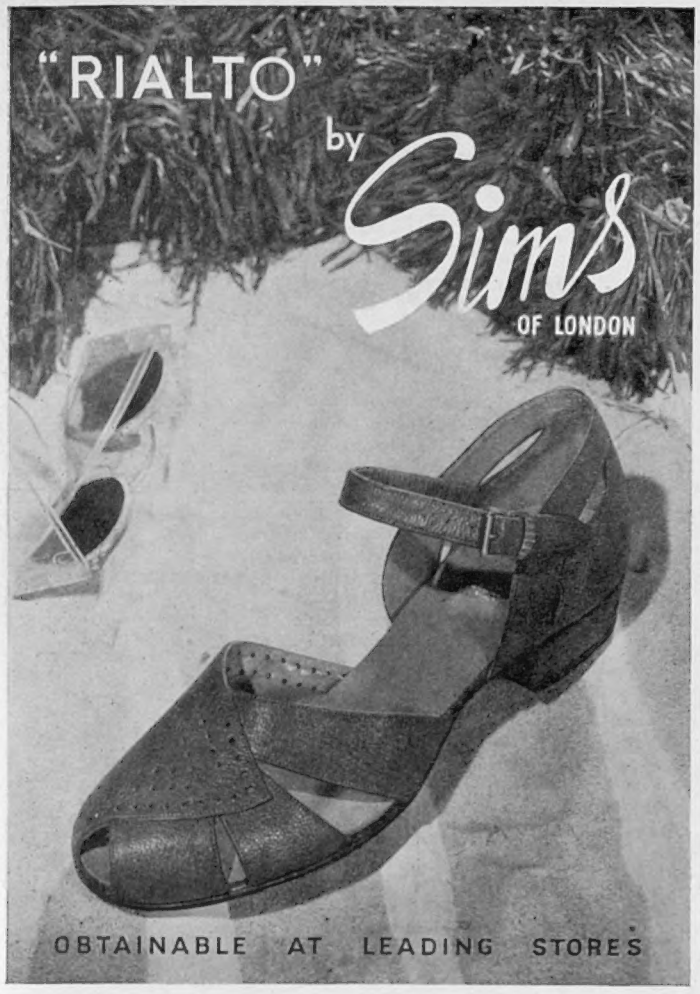

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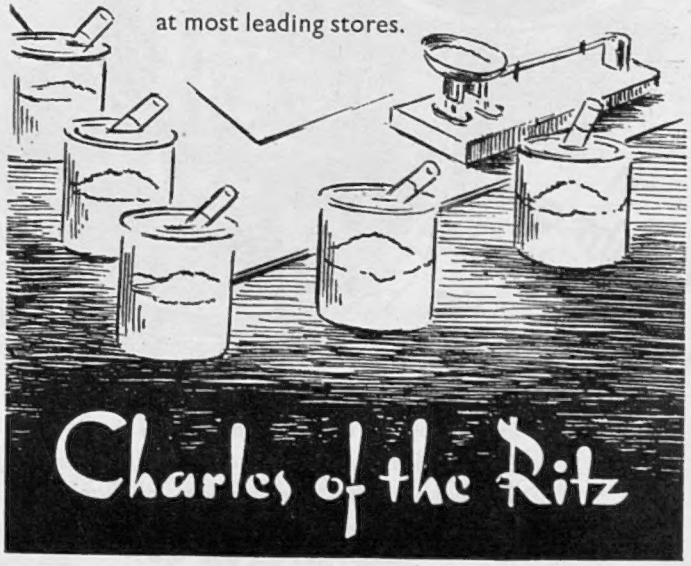

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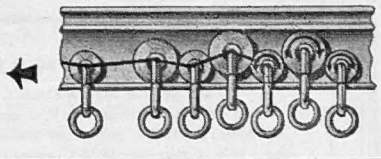

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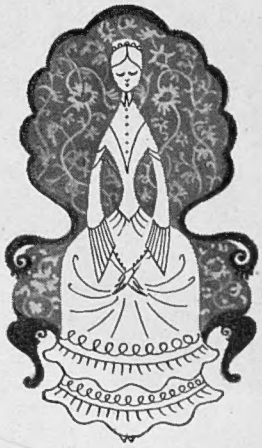

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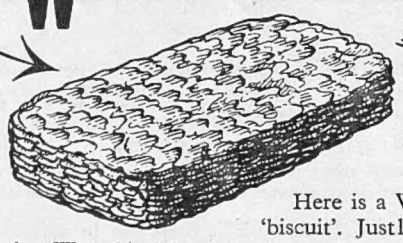

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. . . easing stomach upsets and restoring calm, natural digestion.

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***SO HANDY** for pocket or bag*

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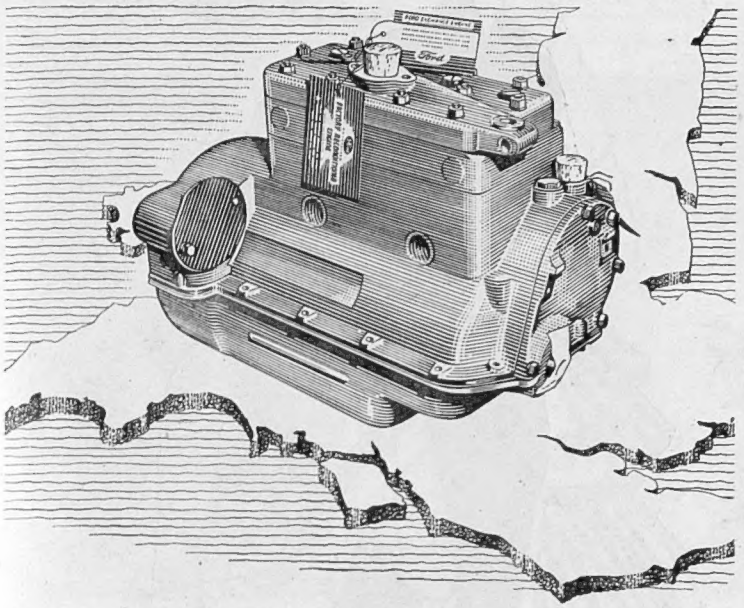

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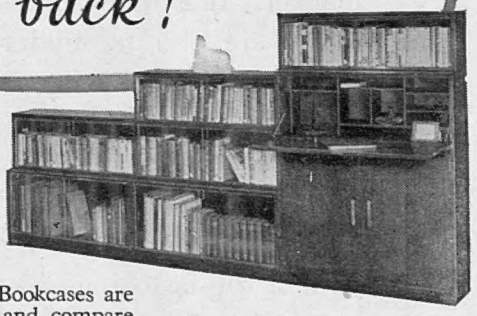

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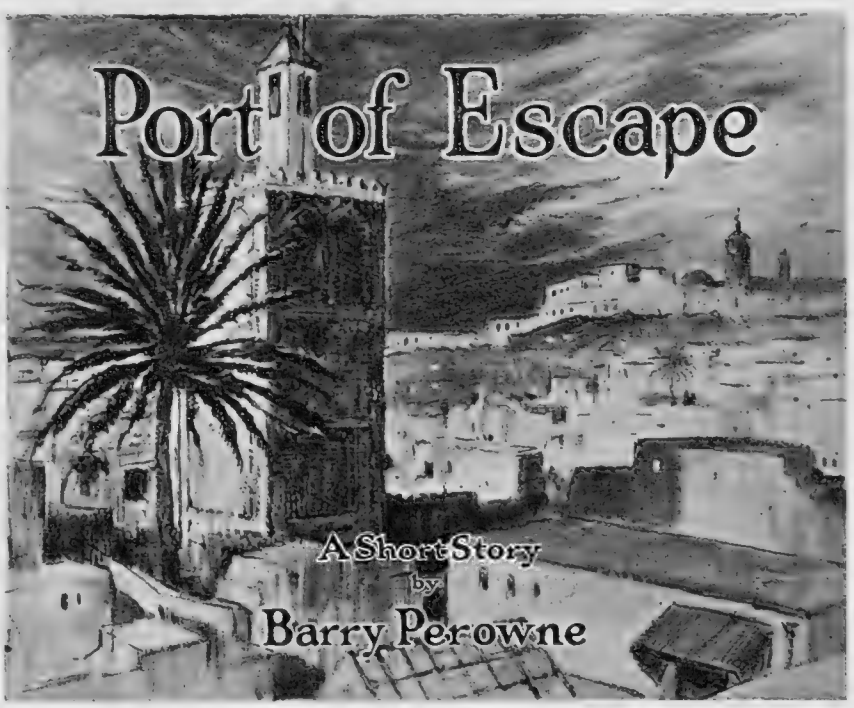
Setting his pipe between his teeth, Randle said to the girl who sat beside him, "The ceremony's late this morning, Julie"



THE Egyptian coast had sunk from sight, and the slow old liner, thrusting steadily westwards, seemed to gather to itself all the sun-dazzle of the Mediterranean morning. Sitting on a hatch-cover far aft, Randle filled an after-breakfast pipe and scanned the horizon with blue, weather-wise eyes.

It was still a novelty to him to be at sea with no watch to keep, no duties to bother him. He had been third mate in a rusty tramp when a smash-up ashore with a borrowed motor-cycle had put him for weeks in an East African hospital and cost him his job. He was now paying his own passage, steerage, in this French liner to Marseilles, whence he could get back to England overland.

He was a big, leathery man of thirty-odd, with close-cropped blond hair and a tanned, hard-bitten face. He wore old but clean white slacks and a white shirt.

Setting his pipe between his teeth, he said to the girl who sat beside him, "The ceremony's late this morning, Julie."

With deft, brown fingers, she was putting a new string in a guitar. "What ceremony, Jim?" she said innocently.

"As if you didn't know," Randle grinned, and he glanced up at the rail of the first-class promenade deck. "The solemn ceremony of settling father there——"

She turned her head to follow his glance. She was nineteen, slender and vivid, with shining dark hair parted at the side and drawn back smoothly to a wisp of ribbon. Her young throat, her cheek, her clean-cut profile, all were a warm, clear brown. She wore a blue cotton shirt like a boy's, with the sleeves rolled high, and a white skirt and sandals.

The promenade-deck rail, a brown streak across the white superstructure, was unbroken by figures; and Julie looked back at Randle with reproach in her grey eyes.

"I think I've told you too much about myself, Jim Randle," she said.

"Maybe you have," said Randle, and he meant it.

He was a bit worried about this girl. She had come aboard a few days before, at Beirut—travelling alone and, incredibly, steerage. An English girl, Randle had promptly taken charge of her, had used his pull with Rignon, the steerage steward, to see that she got a reasonable berth.

She was a musician, one of those girls you find providing the entertainment in *cafés chantants* in sun-baked ports all round the Middle East. Randle had seen many of them, girls of all nationalities, but few of them were English; and Julie Dean, for all her cool self-reliance, seemed to him very young for that kind of life.

The ship was calling at Oran, Tangier and Valencia, and Julie was on her way to Tangier after a twelve-week engagement with a band at Beirut.

From what she had told him, he knew that she was quite alone in the world. Her father had been a pianist, and she had travelled the world with him and he had educated her himself—for music. An accident, when she was fourteen, had cost him his sight. They had been in Tangier at the time, and they had stayed on there because there were places in Tangier and Gibraltar—cafés and sailors' cabarets—where he could play the piano often enough to get along. Julie had looked after him, and when he had died, she just naturally had gone on with the only thing she knew, music, playing in much the same places as had employed her father. The little hotel in Tangier, run by an elderly Frenchwoman, where she had lived since she was fourteen, was the only home she knew.

It seemed to Randle that she was too good for such a life; she was wasted, and it worried him vaguely. But he knew she was in love with a perfectly decent young Englishman who was travelling in the first-class in this ship, and he had hopes about that. It seemed to Randle that the best thing that could happen to Julie would be for her to marry that young Englishman and go home and live a natural, normal life. Like all rolling stones—and Randle had been rolling as long as he could remember—he had a high ideal of what was the proper life for English girls.

HE lighted his pipe, the match-flame, in his cupped hands, almost invisible in the sunshine. The other steerage passengers, crowding this restricted bit of after-deck, were a motley lot—French railroad workers returning from a contract job in Madagascar; a large and cheerful Maltese family, a scattering of slim, white-suited Hindus, an ingratiating old Moor called Juzeed who was always sneaking up to the first-class to try to sell his ornamental leatherwork, and a constantly changing assortment of itinerant traders who got on at one port of call and off at the next.

But Randle kept a weather eye lifting to the rail of the first-class promenade deck, and presently he saw the people he was looking for. He took his pipe from his mouth.

"Here they come, Julie!"

She paid no attention; she was absorbed, apparently, in tightening the pegs of her guitar, but Randle knew very well she was aware of what was going on. He himself watched with frank interest the little ceremony that had taken place every morning since the ship had left Beirut.

There were three people up there on the promenade deck—father, mother and son. The father was a tall, grey-haired man with stooped shoulders and a thin face with a small grey beard. He wore a white suit and a Panama; and an incongruous black woollen scarf wound round his neck, and something querulous and finical in his manner, proclaimed him an exacting semi-invalid.

There was a hullabaloo about the precise disposition of his steamer-chair. The son placed it here, shifted it there, drew it back a few yards, moved it sideways. He was about twenty-two, tall like his father, and good-looking in a fine-drawn, haggard, sensitive way. The mother stood by patiently, holding books and cushions and knitting-bag—a self-effacing little woman who watched her husband and son with adoring eyes.

All Randle knew about the family was what Julie had told him. The father was a Dr. Wilfred Selden. For thirty years he had been the head of a small foreign-endowed college in the Lebanon. He had retired recently, for health reasons, and his son, Ken, who was at a university at home, had come out to fetch his parents back to England. One night he had strayed into the café on the Beirut waterfront where Julie was playing. He had seemed lonely and Julie had sat down at his table and talked to him; and that had been the beginning of things between these two, though Julie never had expected to see Ken again when she left Beirut. She had had no idea that the Seldens were travelling to Marseilles in this ship until she had seen them coming aboard at the same time as herself.

What she hadn't told Randle, and what puzzled him, troubled him a bit, was why these two youngsters pretended not to notice each other, here aboard.

Julie didn't look up from her guitar as the family settled itself, as Mrs. Selden sorted her cat's-cradle of knitting, as Dr. Selden adjusted a pair of sun-glasses. And Ken, opening a book to read aloud to his father, didn't look down at Julie.

It seemed all wrong to Randle. He knocked out his pipe, heaved himself to his feet.

"I'm going to get some 'baccy from Rignon, Julie," he said—and she looked up with a smile, a little nod.

Rignon, the steerage steward, was a stout, swarthy, amiable man from Marseilles. In his sunny little box of a cabin, he fiddled interminably with his constantly-changing passenger-list. He greeted Randle cheerfully and produced a couple of bottles of cold lager. He liked to have Randall while away part of the morning with him. There wasn't much went on in the ship that Rignon didn't know about.

He sat at his small roll-top desk, retailing the gossip to Randle, until a knock at the door interrupted him. A steward from the first-class put his head in.

"Ah, Monsieur Randle, there you are," he said. "Dr. Selden, in first-class, would be obliged if you could spare him a minute."

"Dr. Selden?" said Randle. He took his pipe from his mouth, looked at Rignon. "What can he want with me?"

Rignon spread his hands with a bland innocence that suggested he could have made a pretty good guess had he cared. But Randle was puzzled. He rose and followed the other steward; and as they stepped out into the now-burning dazzle of the steerage deck, he noticed that Julie no longer occupied her usual perch on the hatch. Moreover, the Selden family's three steamer-chairs were unoccupied.

He noticed that as he followed the steward up the accommodation-ladder to the promenade deck; and the sight of those three empty chairs, and Julie's absence from the hatch, made him uneasy.

What's happened? he wondered.

One night Randle had strayed into the cafe on the Beirut waterfront where Julie was playing. He had seemed lonely and Julie had sat down at his table and talked to him

HE followed the steward along the white sweep of the promenade deck. Heat-shine struck up from the water overside. Passengers idled in their steamer-chairs. Pacing slowly together, talking, were a burly Frenchman in a white suit and a beret, and a slender, tall, darkly handsome youth with a dignity enhanced by the snow-white burnous and head-dress of the Rif.

Randle had heard a great deal about those two, from Rignon.

The boy's name was Ibn-Zammour. His father, a sheikh once powerful in Morocco, had been exiled with his family many years ago to Madagascar for constant agitation and trouble-making in the Rif. Now that the old recalcitrant was dead, his son, Ibn-Zammour, had been given permission to travel from Madagascar to France to study at the Sorbonne. The burly man with him, a Monsieur Sauvagnac, was not only his tutor but—according to Rignon—a political agent responsible for the boy's security and for seeing that he didn't land in North Africa, where his family name was enough to start trouble.

The couple intrigued Randle, who had never seen them close to before; but the steward paused, now, at the door of a sun-lounge right forward on the promenade deck.

"In here, Monsieur Randle," said the steward—and Randle forgot about Ibn-Zammour and his tutor.

The steward opened the door. The lounge was small, with plate-glass windows, a cushioned seat beneath them, curving round three sides.

There was nobody in here except Mrs. Selden, sitting knitting, and her husband standing gaunt and tall, staring from the window, his thin hands clasping and unclasping behind his back. Mrs. Selden saw Randle in the doorway, murmured something to her husband.

He turned, said sharply, " Mr. Randle, I believe ? "

Randle nodded. " You wanted to see me ? "

The gendarme fired an instant before Randle shoulder-charged him, sending him sprawling,

" To show you something," Dr. Selden said. He pointed from the window. " *That !* "

Randle looked down on the foredeck, the lowered booms of the derricks, the fo'c'sle head, the sharp bows thrusting steadily forward into the silver-blue, illimitable calm. Right up in the bows, two figures leaned on the rail, their heads close together, looking down at the cutwater—Julie, with young Ken Selden's arm round her waist.

" Well ? " said Dr. Selden.

Randle grinned. " Well what ? " he said. " Makes a nice picture."

Dr. Selden stared at him with pale grey eyes, his thin, bearded face tense. He said sharply, " Do you mean to tell me you *knew* this was going on ? "

" Well—yes and no," Randle said. " But what 's it to do with me, Sir ? "

Dr. Selden seemed disconcerted, as though he had expected a different reaction from Randle. " I 've seen you a good deal in that girl's company," said the gaunt scholar. " Your manner towards her had led me to believe——" He broke off. " So you knew all the time that, the moment your back was turned, she was off somewhere with my son ? "

" It 's no affair of mine," said Randle.

" But it is of mine ! " Dr. Selden shouted. " I won't have my son entangling himself with a—a café girl ! "

Randle felt himself flush. So this was Julie's and Ken's trouble.

" You 'd better talk to your son about it," said Randle.

The gaunt man lapsed suddenly from a febrile anger to pathos. " I am a sick man, Mr. Randle," he said—" a sick man. I 've already talked to Ken. I became aware soon after we left Beirut that he was sneaking off to meet this girl at every opportunity. I taxed him with it. It appears he met her ashore, in some waterfront hurdy-gurdy where he had no business to be. The young fool imagines himself in love with her. She has him hypnotized. It 's obvious that she followed him aboard this ship——"

" I happen to know," said Randle, " that she had no idea he was travelling in this ship."

Dr. Selden ignored that. " I 've made every possible sacrifice to give that boy a fine opportunity in life," he said. " For his sake, I 've endured long years in a climate inimical to me. I 've abnegated myself wholly, given my very health for him. If all my plans, all the care and anxious thought I 've given to his education and future career, were brought to nothing because of a disastrous infatuation for this girl, the disappointment would kill me. It would kill me, I tell you, and he knows it. Yet he 's out there with her now— (*Continued on page 72*)

A queue of people waiting to view the interior of Harewood House. The admission fees will go towards the cost of its upkeep

To meet death duties the Earl of Harewood sold in a two-day sale 7,100 acres of his estate situated between Leeds and Harrogate, including forty-five farms, smallholdings, houses and cottages. Despite strong competition tenants in most cases succeeded in buying their farms and other holdings. The picture below shows the sale in progress, which was held in the ballroom of the Queen's Hotel, Leeds

Taking Away Their Wealth

By George Godwin

The Duke of Norfolk sold thirty properties for over £12,000 in Arundel to meet the high cost of repairs and taxation. The picturesque Post Office, seen in the above picture in front of Arundel Castle, was one of the items in the sale

AS this article is being written there is proceeding at beautiful Moor Park, on the Shropshire-Herefordshire border, the sale, piecemeal, of a magnificent landed estate. It is the property of Lord Inchiquin. Why, then, is he selling? He is doing so to meet the demands of Death Duties.

Since the start of the century, year by year, land-owners and those who have acquired large fortunes in the professions, in industry or in trade, have been faced with this usorious demand by the State.

All over the country, year after year, great estates and noble mansions are passing from private ownership to State ownership.

All over the country, businesses built up by private enterprise, are losing their identity, are passing from family ownership to large combines, for the same reason.

So silent, so unobtrustive is our social revolution that few people not directly hit by this levy on wealth are aware of the extent of it.

For example, in one decade of this century (1920–1930) the State took from private ownership in the form of Death Duties no less than £211,000,000.

In the last financial year—1950—Death Duties amounted to the staggering figure of £189,600,000. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's estimate for the present year is only a little less—£176,000,000.

The object of Death Duties, apart from the rapacity of the State for the citizen's money, would appear to be two-fold. First, to break up the great landed estates, many of which have been held by the same families for many centuries. Secondly, eventually to tax wealth, in land or investments of another kind.

A sampling of some of the great fortunes of recent years shows how both great landowner and industrial magnate have been hit. Sir George Wills, of the tobacco family, paid £4,000,000; Lord Gretton, the brewer, £6,760,000; Lord Hambledon, of W. H. Smith, £1,000,000; Mr. James Oxley, £2,774,541.

Among the great landed estate owners one may include the Duke of Newcastle, £250,000; Lord Portman, £3,500,000; and the Duke of Wellington, with three successive payments since 1900, which reduced a fortune of over a million to £134,262.

NATURALLY, men of great wealth have sought for legal devices whereby they might secure their land, or investments other than land, for their heirs.

For example, the late David Yule, the fabulously wealthy India merchant, claimed Indian domicile, while Sir Robert Houston claimed (*Continued on page 78*)

Holmes Of

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at work in his study. He created Sherlock Holmes, fiction's greatest detective, and thereby made a fortune

SHERLOCK HOLMES in his heyday cast such a spell on his readers that hundreds of them wrote to him at No. 221 Baker Street convinced that he was flesh and blood. As he is now (according to his biographers), about ninety-eight years old, his fan-mail has probably petered out. But the spell persists; and Holmes, Watson and the whole Baker Street entourage are affectionately preserved in a minor saga, cosily coloured with the gaslit fogs of late Victorian London.

What is the secret of Sherlock Holmes's universal appeal? What makes devotees write to him, probe so enthusiastically into his life, form societies to study him, produce books about him, and—surely the ultimate tribute—hold an Exhibition in his honour? This Exhibition is being staged at St. Marylebone Public Library, in connection with the Festival of Britain, from mid-May to mid-September. What, in short, has this shag-smoking, cocaine-addicted, violin-playing investigator got that puts him so far above all other story-book sleuths?

Among other things he is—if Poe's Dupin and Gaboriau's Lecoq be excepted—fiction's pioneer detective. He is a great character in his own right. He is the brilliant fathomer of crime, in whose presence we are all Watsons. He is the virtuoso of deduction, who, with a technique that never fails to impress, can tell a man's life-history from his pince-nez or his walking-stick. And he has, of course, a name.

It can seriously be asked how much of his prodigious reputation Sherlock Holmes owes to being called Sherlock Holmes. Or whether he—and Watson—would be where they are to-day if Conan Doyle had not changed his mind about what to call them.

When the author was considering in 1886 how to name the two chief characters of his first detective story, *A Study in Scarlet*, he thought of dubbing them—perish the notion—Sherrinford Holmes and Ormond Sacker. Mercifully, with an inspiration for which we should be forever thankful, he renamed them. Sherrinford became Sherlock and Ormond Sacker, John Watson, M.D.

Hey presto! The embryo detective was miraculously transformed into a clean-cut being, keen, hawk-like and dynamic, and his companion—whose surname and medical status Conan Doyle borrowed from a fellow-member of the Portsmouth Literary and Scientific Society—now appeared as the stolid, reliable person he was surely meant to be.

Admittedly nobody raved about them when they made their début in *A Study in Scarlet*, which was published in 1887, after two rejections. And they made little greater impression three years later in their second exploit, *The Sign of Four*. But by the end of 1891, when six of the *Adventures* had appeared in the *Strand*, the highly individual sleuth of Baker Street and his colleague had become a sensation.

For each of the first half-dozen short stories Conan Doyle received about £35. For each of the second six in the series he got £50. For the twelve stories of the *Memoirs*, 1892–93, the *Strand's* grateful editor paid him the lump sum of £1,000. The writer had launched a pair of characters of which it was evident the public could never have too much. And in doing so he had staked himself a goldmine.

Yet in the fabulous success-story of Sherlock Holmes there is a touch of irony.

Conan Doyle's heart was not in his money-spinning detective. Ambitious for literary fame through his historical novels, he was never very proud of Holmes. In fact he soon grew positively to dislike him; and even before the end of the *Adventures* he was wanting to liquidate him. He was dissuaded then by his mother, but nobody could stop him from killing Holmes off at the end of the *Memoirs*.

But that, as the world knows, was far from the end of Sherlock Holmes. Public outcry having compelled Conan Doyle to raise him from his Alpine grave in 1903, insatiable public demand decreed that he continue to turn out tales about him until 1927, when the great sleuth made his final exit in *The Adventure of Shoscombe Old Place*.

Baker Street

Fiction's Greatest Detective In Whose Honour An Exhibition Is Being Held In Connection With The Festival Of Britain

By Guy Livingston

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FINAL PROBLEM

The death of Sherlock Holmes. Although the sleuth was a money-spinner to the author, he disliked him and wanted to liquidate him. He made him die in a tussle with Professor Moriarty in the Alps, but insatiable public demand made Conan Doyle raise him from his Alpine grave in 1903, and he continued to turn out stories about him until 1927

Number 111 Baker Street, (destroyed by enemy action). Many devotees of Sherlock Holmes thought of him as a living character and the above shows the house in which he was supposed to have had rooms

(Reproduced from a water-colour painting in possession of St. Marylebone Public Library)

Was Holmes less formidable after his tussle with Professor Moriarty than before? Some connoisseurs think so. One disciple of Sherlock's, an old Cornish boatman, said to Conan Doyle : "He may not have been killed when he fell over the cliff, but he was never quite the same man afterwards."

Maybe the candid Cornishman was right : but for the vast majority Holmes's ordeal at the Reichenbach Falls makes no difference, and the post-Moriarty stories (some of which, being retrospective, recount pre-Moriarty cases) are just as good as the others. Holmes is Holmes, whatever the vintage.

To a wide sect of loyal devotees he is more than that, he is the Master; and the whole corpus of his sixty cases (four long, fifty-six short) are a sacred text, to be scrutinized, analaysed, dissected, for every shred of information about the Master's life. And the mantle has fallen on Watson, too, and even on the lesser Baker Street figures, so that by now Holmesology is an established cult, *(Continued on page 55)*

Sherlock Holmes expounds his theories on a case to his friend Dr. Watson

(Reproduced from drawings by S. Paget from the "Strand Magazine")

Towards A Vegetarian Britain?

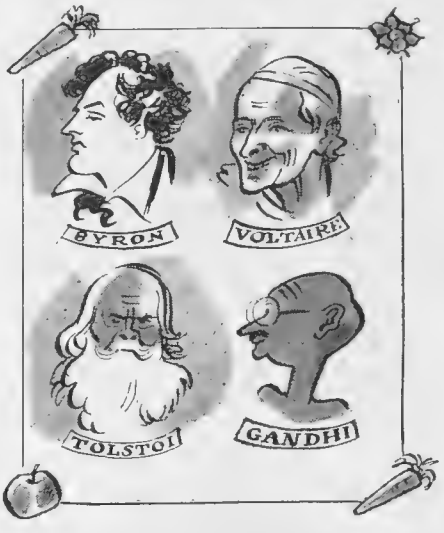
By Ferdinand Tuohy

TUCKED away behind the six-years-after-peace phenomenon of Britons reduced to barely sufficient meat per head to make one square (meat) meal a week . . . can it be that a canny, disguised policy or programme is operating, if not to render nigh on fifty-million people vegetarians in a rigorous sense, at any rate to wean them bit by bit—even smaller bits—from meat eating?

British meat-resistance has occasioned the pained surprise or, alternately, the mocking taunts of foreigners. It has puzzled would-be Commonwealth and American purveyors. Now both camps, foreign and English-speaking, are looking twice at the pass to which the national diet has come in the United Kingdom.

Assuredly, those who are inclined to discern an actual down on meat in specific quarters, can point to an odd array of supporting data.

Such as the long, immovable rejection of meat at prices others have since been glad to grab at; the readiness to allot millions to keeping meatless meat ships and meatless butchers afloat; the export of high-quality (tinned) meat from a country yearning for it; the drowning of home-grown beef in a sea of milk; the almost witch-like burning by the Customs of juicy steaks brought from the European mainland ("one would think we had hoof and mouth disease in our homes and restaurants," as a Frenchman put it); the accent on sugary substances as substitutes for energy-inducing meat; the propaganda in favour of vegetables, milk, fruit and fish, the "never mind what a thing *is* so long as you get the proper calories from it."



Some famous vegetarians

DID Dr. Summerskill give a clue when she was at the Food Ministry? Once she descanted on the social implications of meat eating. Wasn't there a lot of snobbery in sighing for steak and bacon and eggs? What were they but an index to unfairly distributed nineteenth-century prosperity? Whale and herrings were more in keeping with this age of social equality, and just as nourishing. That they would save money for the programme of her Party in other directions, whereas meat buying would eat such money up, she did not mention. The really intriguing part came, however, when the lady was constrained to admit to difficulty in getting people to accept "the new feeding habits we are establishing."

They did these things differently in the past, though it is all too certain that Dr. Summerskill would be moved to an angry contempt by her ancestors' disregard for "fair shares." Anyway, in 1563 two fish-days in each week were made compulsory, to encourage seamen and shipwrights and foster the increase of cattle. Those who ate meat on such days were liable to a fine of £3, or three months imprisonment. *But* "it was possible to obtain a dispensing licence by payments which varied with the social status of the licensee."

"Lords of Parliament" paid 26s. 8d. yearly, knights and their ladies 13s. 4d., and "persons of lesser degree," 6s. 8d. Even sc veal was forbidden between Michaelmas and May Day, and beef at any time of the year. Earlier, in Scotland, a law "for the restraint of superfluous diet" enacted that only gentlemen and those of higher rank might eat baked meats "and on high and festival days only."

Does a second clue to "meat in a matchbox" (foreign comparison with much of their own meat eating) . . . does a second clue lurk at the Treasury? The long tenure of a confirmed vegetarian and the presence there to-day of a dedicated disciple, cannot very well be dissociated from the nature of food imports, concerning which the Treasury has the decisive say.

NOT only foreigners are wondering if "austerity," the word Sir S. Cripps brought back from a widely vegetarian wartime Russia, may not have gone to some of the Islanders' heads, stirring a superior feeling and a Puritanism which has ever found repulsive the infusion of lustiness into eating and the decoration of appetite with the sense of taste. After all, take up that mine of meaning, Roget's *Thesaurus*, and where do you find "vegetarianism" but along with "temperance, self-denial, abstinence" and a string of kindred guides to "moral practise"?

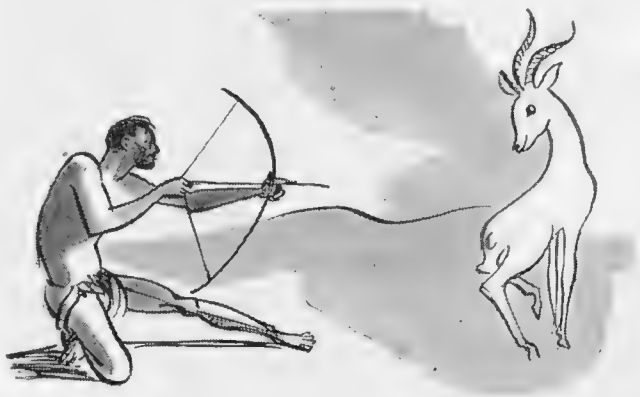
The prehistoric approach to vegetarianism is confusing. "Man is, by nature, a carnivorous animal." He hunted from earliest days. Nuts, fruit and roots were ancillary to the *pièce-de-résistance*, raw meat (more nourishing, raw).

"Meat whets the appetite. The thought of it forming part of a meal stimulates the secretion of the gastric juices. If this secretion does not take place digestion of food is only half completed. The result is impaired absorption from the intestinal wall and less nutriment than usual is absorbed into the body."

That is one version of the origin of meat eating and its justification on physical grounds. Yet here come Darwin and Huxley, and their prehistoric man is frugivorous!

Non-carnivorous sects and ascetics are traceable very far back. Ancient Greece must have had its vegetarians, actuated by the claims of the mind. Milton is the first I can trace in the hall of fame, to whom may be affixed the label of "vegetarian." And just to show what a vexed subject this is, was his conduct towards a young wife all that it should have been?

Frankly, I can't see that much useful purpose is served by citing famous persons who were vegetarians. Individuals, like nations, can embrace vegetarianism on the count of health, moral principle and economics, or a mixture of all three. Some famous ones renounced flesh eating because they had a rooted objection to the killing of animals and birds (though not always fish) for their sustenance and pleasure. Here you find the poets and *literati*: Swift, Pope, Tom Moore, Voltaire, Rousseau, Byron, Shelley, Tolstoi, Shaw.



Man is by nature a carnivorous animal. He hunted from earliest days

Yet Voltaire and Shaw, at least, found that no flesh also suited their mental health better, while Shaw ratted when over eighty by submitting to blood-making liver injections. Otherwise, he'd have died, for no amount of vegetarianism could have done a thing.

Other celebrities were primarily governed by motives of religion or mysticism: Wesley, General Booth, Mrs. Besant, Gandhi. Which reminds (*Continued on page* 60)

It's No Good Trying To Be A World's Sweetheart If You Don't Do What Your Public Expect You To Do

Painting The Lily

By Roland Pertwee

WHILE on a visit to the south coast, I was persuaded to act as one of a panel of judges to determine from a bevy of bust-conscious bathing belles who should be crowned queen of the resort.

My colleagues were to be the local mayor, a West End dress designer, a doctor, a film and stage casting agent and Donald Beam, England's recent and most treasured gift to the screen.

Having fought my way through the crowd of autograph hunters who beset the film star, I dropped exhausted into a chair only to be told by a rosetted official that it was "reserved for one of the judges, old boy." My reply, "I am one of the judges" convinced him that either I was a liar or the selection committee had made a grave mistake.

In due course I was joined by Mr. William Loudon, of Loudon's Casting Agency, a keen-eyed, businesslike fellow who told me that he made a point of judging beauty competitions because there was always a chance that a bit of promising material migh crop up. While talking he smiled and twiddled his fingers at Donald Beam who was too busy with his fans to be aware of the greeting.

"Good chap, Don," he said, "one of the best. Not a bit spoiled by success. Just a natural, big-hearted schoolboy."

The description was singularly inapt, for Beam never stopped mugging and attitudinizing. Also he staged abortive flights such as are made by barnyard fowls resolved at all costs not to outstrip their pursuers. His antics seriously diverted attention from the arrival of the mayor who wished Loudon a good afternoon and told me that my seat was reserved for one of the judges. When I said, "I am one of the judges," he threatened to forget his own name next.

ANN relapsed into a silence in which she reminded me of a girl in Sargent's "Carnation Lily Lily Rose" and looked perfectly lovely

The doctor then arrived and marking how suspiciously he looked at me, I forestalled the inevitable by saying:

"I am one."

Carillon, the dress designer, and Donald Beam took their seats simultaneously and the proceedings opened with a mayoral address into a microphone stating the nature of the competition and giving a brief biography of the judges which foundered when it concluded with:

"... and finally that distinguished art critic we all know so well, Mr. ... er ... er. ..."

"Seaton," I snapped, for it was his name, not mine, he had threatened to forget.

"That's it ... Seaworthy," said he.

Followed a keen duet between a bugle and the east wind as, from an adjacent marquee, filed a procession of goose-fleshed females in bathing suits. This was the cue for the newsreel cameras to turn and for Donald Beam to act the part of a modern Paris whose judgment was sorely confused by a surfeit of loveliness.

The mayor, influenced by the presence of the mayoress, strove to subdue his

senile ardours and to regard the candidates in a purely academic fashion. He failed.

I was greatly embarrassed by the way the competitors flaunted their semi-nudity and when one young woman caught my eye and flashed a message only to be interpreted as "Winner takes all," I gave up even pretending to judge their rival merits.

Meanwhile, Loudon, who sat beside me, kept up a steady repetition of the word "No." I was beginning to think he knew no other when, with startling emphasis, he exclaimed, "Yes."

The girl to provoke this affirmative perfectly illustrated the phrase "Nature unadorned" and had about her a youthful awkwardness that was most appealing. Her face was freckled, her hair short, dark and straight and when she smiled at her own gaucherie she revealed white but rather crooked little teeth.

Her simple charms weaned Carillon's attention from the seagulls and inspired the egregious Beam to exclaim:

"Oh, Momma, buy me that!"

The judges, with the exception of the mayor, who preferred quantity to quality, were unanimous in proclaiming her the winner, but to spare the feelings of other competitors, the proceedings were spun out with a number of elimination heats. At long last the mayor proclaimed Miss Ann Wilson queen, and Donald Beam stepped forward to place the crown upon her brow and a kiss upon her cheek. She was then passed from judge to judge for kisses and congratulations for which she showed such obvious disrelish that when it came to my turn I said:

"If you'd rather I didn't I won't."

"I'd much rather," she replied, and shook hands instead.

Asked to speak for the newsreel she said sulkily and ungrammatically:

"My girl friend made me go in for this or I wouldn't have."

"But I expect you are very glad you did, aren't you?"

"Not particularly."

To Donald Beam's arch question who was her favourite film star, she made the deliberately insulting reply:

"Lionel Barrymore," and added, "I'm going to dress now, I'm cold."

Loudon scuttled after her to the marquee talking fifteen to the dozen. On his return he told me he had offered her a stage and screen contract for a year at ten pounds a week.

Overhearing this remark Donald Beam said he was wasting his money.

"I don't think so, Don. I don't make many mistakes."

"You're making one now, Bill. The girl's a misfit. Take her hair, for example,

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

it's straight—and her teeth, they're crooked—and you'll never get past with that touch of cockney in her voice."

But Bill Loudon looked infinitely wise and said his mother bred no fools. So Donald Beam, who resented disagreement, went in search of anybody who hadn't got his autograph.

A few minutes later, Loudon saw Ann Wilson sneak out of the marquee and lose herself in the crowd.

It speaks well for the tenacity of theatrical agents that he succeeded in tracking her down and persuading her to dine with him at the Cavendish, conditional upon being allowed to bring her friend and upon me making a fourth at the table.

"But why me?" I demanded. "I thought everyone knew that I have sedulously avoided female society since I reached the age of refusal."

Loudon admitted that the request had puzzled him, but he had given up trying to understand what went on in women's heads.

The two girls arrived punctually and declined an offer of cocktails in a way that suggested that they would not put up with anything of that kind. They looked very nice in those printed cotton day frocks which are convertible into evening wear by leaving the upper part at home. It appeared that they both worked in a South London branch of a chain library. The friend, Miss Pilburn, expressed her personality by egging on others to express theirs. She it was who had egged Ann to enter the competition and who assured me that she could go anywhere if "only she had a bit more go."

Ann told her to stop talking nonsense and relapsed into a silence in which she reminded me of a girl in Sargent's "Carnation Lily Lily Rose" and looked perfectly lovely. Loudon thought so, too, for his professional smartness had given way to an expression of almost idiotic admiration.

A number of hotel guests, recognizing their newly crowned queen, smiled and waved at Ann only to be rewarded with a scowl.

"I do hate being looked at," she complained.

Lena said: "She'll have to get used to that before you've finished with her, won't she, Mr. Loudon?"

"Who says so?" Ann retorted. "I haven't accepted his offer yet."

"Tell her she's got to," said Lena, egging me on. "Tell her she'd be every bit as good and better than Jean Simmons."

I told her nothing of the kind, for I thought it highly improbable.

Then, rather shakily, Loudon said, "Don't bother too much about that offer, Ann. I may be suggesting something very different to you."

WHAT we see of the lives of our fellow-men and women is mainly incidental and it is rare for the incidents to add up to a complete story, but on many occasions my ways have re-crossed the ways of others, so that I have kept pace with what was happening to them on the instalment principle.

The second instalment of the Loudon serial was an invitation to their wedding three months later. I accepted because Loudon wrote to say that there would have been no wedding but for me. There was a lot of advance publicity about the affair and Loudon's showmanship was exhibited by employing as bridesmaids four film starlets for whom he acted as agent. They were pretty creatures and had not neglected a single artifice to make themselves more so, but I was charmed to find that Ann's freckled nose and simple graces put them all in the shade.

At the reception I was even more charmed to find that she was in love with Loudon, and had not married him with an eye on the main chance. His infatuation for her was never in doubt and one of his partners, to whom I was introduced, admitted to being worried about it. He confided to me :

". . . that there wasn't a smarter man in the industry than Bill and until this girl turned his head he never missed a trick. We used to say that he had the perfect ten per cent mind."

A few minutes later, Loudon was telling me that he wasn't sure he wanted Ann to do any stage or film work because he could not bear having her out of his sight for ten minutes on end.

Smothered in rapture and confetti, they left for a three-month honeymoon in the Mediterranean.

WHEN next I saw his name, it was in connection with a currency offence heard by the Chief Magistrate at Bow Street. Asked if he had any excuse to offer for having exceeded the sum laid down by the Treasury for foreign travel, Loudon stoutly replied :

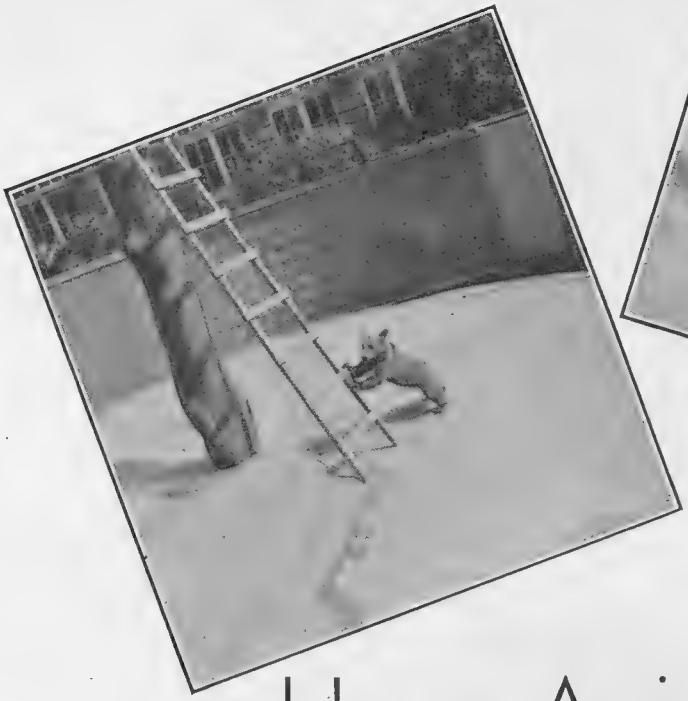
"I wanted my wife to have a good time."

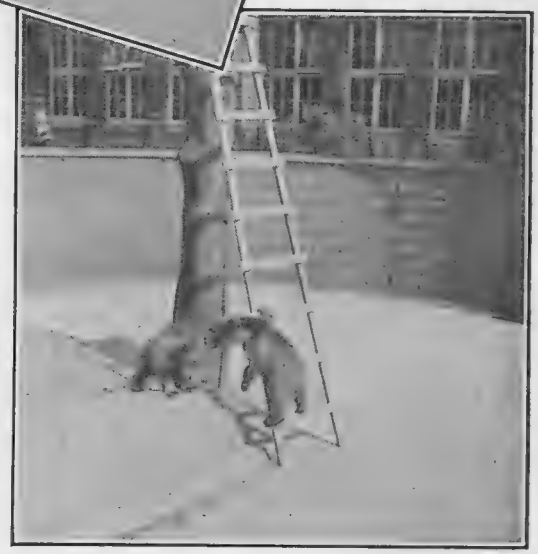
His eyes turned to where Ann was sitting in the body of the court and the Chief Magistrate, who is a member of one of my clubs, also looked at her and nodded sympathetically. But that did not prevent him from fining Loudon double the sum he had improperly raised.

He told me that they left the court arm-in-arm and (*Continued on page 74*)

THEN filed a procession of goose-fleshed females in bathing suits. This was the cue for the newsreel cameras to turn and for Donald Beam to act the part of a modern Paris whose judgment was sorely confused by a surfeit of loveliness

Two of the liveliest fun-makers in the Zoo were the young brown bears, Jack and Daphne. They used to have endless fun with a ladder set against a tree in their enclosure. Although tied at the top, the ladder was unfastened at its base, and the game of each cub was to push the base away just as the other was about to ascend—or even when the climber was halfway up





Have Animals A Sense Of Fun?

By Craven Hill, F.Z.S.

HAVE animals a sense of the ridiculous? Can they see "the funny side of things," as we say? I am sure that some can, particularly the more intelligent types. Long contact with the inmates of the London Zoo have convinced me of that. The truth is—blow to Man's self-esteem though it may be—we humans are by no means the only species endowed with this attribute. I have known many animals able to appreciate to the full the humour in an amusing situation.

If I were asked to name one which, as a species, exhibits the liveliest sense of fun, I should unhesitatingly choose the chimpanzee. The brainier specimens can not only *see* a joke, but can deliberately invent one—although I should be the first to admit that most of their jests are so crude and primitive as to savour strongly of the "lower school." Let me give an illustration.

The other day workmen had to fix a plate-glass screen in front of the cage of Guy, the six-year-old gorilla, to protect this valuable animal from the coughs and sneezes of the public. Not a very difficult task, you might think. Nor, in average circumstances, was it. In the event, however, this minor assignment proved awkward in the extreme because of the conduct of a chimp in a nearby cage. This animal, seeing his chance for a little "practical joking," kept going to his drinking trough, filling his mouth with water, and spitting it at the men whenever they drew within range. Indeed, so intense did the "barrage" become that eventually one man actually donned his mackintosh to save himself from getting soaked!

Scarcely less appreciative of fun, I think, is the elephant, which, as everyone knows, is quite one of the world's most intelligent land animals, besides being the largest. Nothing gives a fun-loving elephant (and most of them are that) so much pleasure as scoring off his keeper.

I remember one riding animal who, when handed a penny, promptly glanced at her guardian to see whether the man had observed the "transaction." If he had, she would forthwith pass the coin over to him in her trunk-tip. If, on the other hand, he had not, the play-loving creature would at the first opportunity tip the coin down the back of the man's neck. She would then watch, with the liveliest enjoyment, his struggles to reclaim it.

Sometimes it is the unwary visitor who is "victimized." One of the worst practical jokers ever seen in the Gardens, I suppose, was the Indian elephant Ranee who, in the decades between the wars, used to give rides every fine summer afternoon. At the end of her tour of duty, Ranee would return to the elephant house, and as a rule would be willing enough to go, for she was a hard, conscientious worker. Occasionally, however, especially in warm weather, she would pause en route to quench her thirst at a nearby drinking fountain.

Of course, the crowds would soon gather to watch her, for the sight of an elephant drinking seems to fascinate almost everyone—particularly the youthful. But for these bystanders it was fatal. Ranee invariably finished up by training her trunk on (*Continued on page 78*)

When fun-loving Ranee, the Indian elephant at the London Zoo, went to the drinking-fountain to quench her thirst, it behoved visitors to "stand clear," as she had the playful habit of squirting a stream of water over her audience

VICTORIA AND ALBERT

The Opening of the Great Exhibition was for Them, one of the Epic Moments of Their Twenty-One-Years Devoted Partnership.

Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW.

SHORTLY before noon on May 1, 1851, the vast crowd in Hyde Park took up the cheers that had started a few minutes before down Constitution Hill. And then, in great waves of sound, the shouting spread along Rotten Row, louder and louder, to the very doors of the Crystal Palace—the Queen had arrived to open the Great Exhibition.

There she was, stepping down from the Royal carriage, that familiar regal figure, short and commanding; and there, following her, tallish, slightly stooping, handsome in Field Marshal's uniform, was the Prince. As they acknowledged the tremendous ovation, few could have fully guessed their true feelings at that moment—Victoria's pride in Albert and Albert's gratitude to Victoria. For, in the fond eyes of Victoria, was not this greatest of all Exhibitions due almost entirely to her husband? And, in Albert's grateful estimation, did not his own success depend, more than outsiders could ever know, on the constant support and encouragement of his wife?

As Albert led Victoria into the Palace the vast throngs cheered themselves hoarse, guns fired in salute and the Royal Standard was unfurled from the lofty roof. Spring showers had given way to the sunshine of Queen's weather, and Paxton's great glass pavilion, surmounted by the flags of all nations, glittered brilliantly among the fresh green of the Park's budding trees. The setting was superb, and Victoria was entranced. Not since her coronation had she seen such magnificence. But then, of course, Albert had not been there to share it with her.

Inside the Palace the sight that met her gaze was breathtaking. There was a spaciousness about the huge interior that dwarfed any cathedral. Colour was everywhere—in the decorations and dazzling uniforms and dresses of the hundreds of distinguished guests; in the massed banks of flowers, in the banners and rich hangings. And there was endless variety of form and fabric in the exhibits ranged along the aisles and galleries as far as the eye could see.

Victoria and Albert meet at Kensington Palace. No wonder that Victoria, with her romantic turn of mind, fell in love with him. Albert, less susceptible than his cousin, was attracted, though less deeply

To the strains of the National Anthem the Queen, robed in pink watered silk decked with silver brocade and diamonds, took her seat on the Chair of State—under the famous Sibthorp elm—with Albert beside her, and the opening ceremony began. The Prince rose and read her the Report from the Commissioners of the Exhibition, whose President he was ; the Queen fittingly replied ; the Archbishop of Canterbury recited a prayer for the Exhibition's success ; and then the great glass building re-echoed to the Hallelujah Chorus, rendered by the giant Palace organ and a choir of a thousand voices.

Next came the procession, the slow, ceremonial progress of the Queen and her Consort, the Commissioners, members of the Cabinet, Church dignitaries, eminent peers (including that grand old man, the Duke of Wellington), the Diplomatic Corps, the Royal Household and a host of other notables right down the length of the Palace and back again. And finally Victoria's return to the daïs and Lord Breadalbane's pronouncement that it pleased her Majesty to declare the Exhibition open.

That night, still overwhelmed with the wonder of it all, the Queen wrote in her diary : " The great event has taken place—a complete and beautiful triumph—a glorious and touching sight, one which I shall ever be proud of for my beloved Albert and my country." And again : " God bless my dearest Albert, God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day ! "

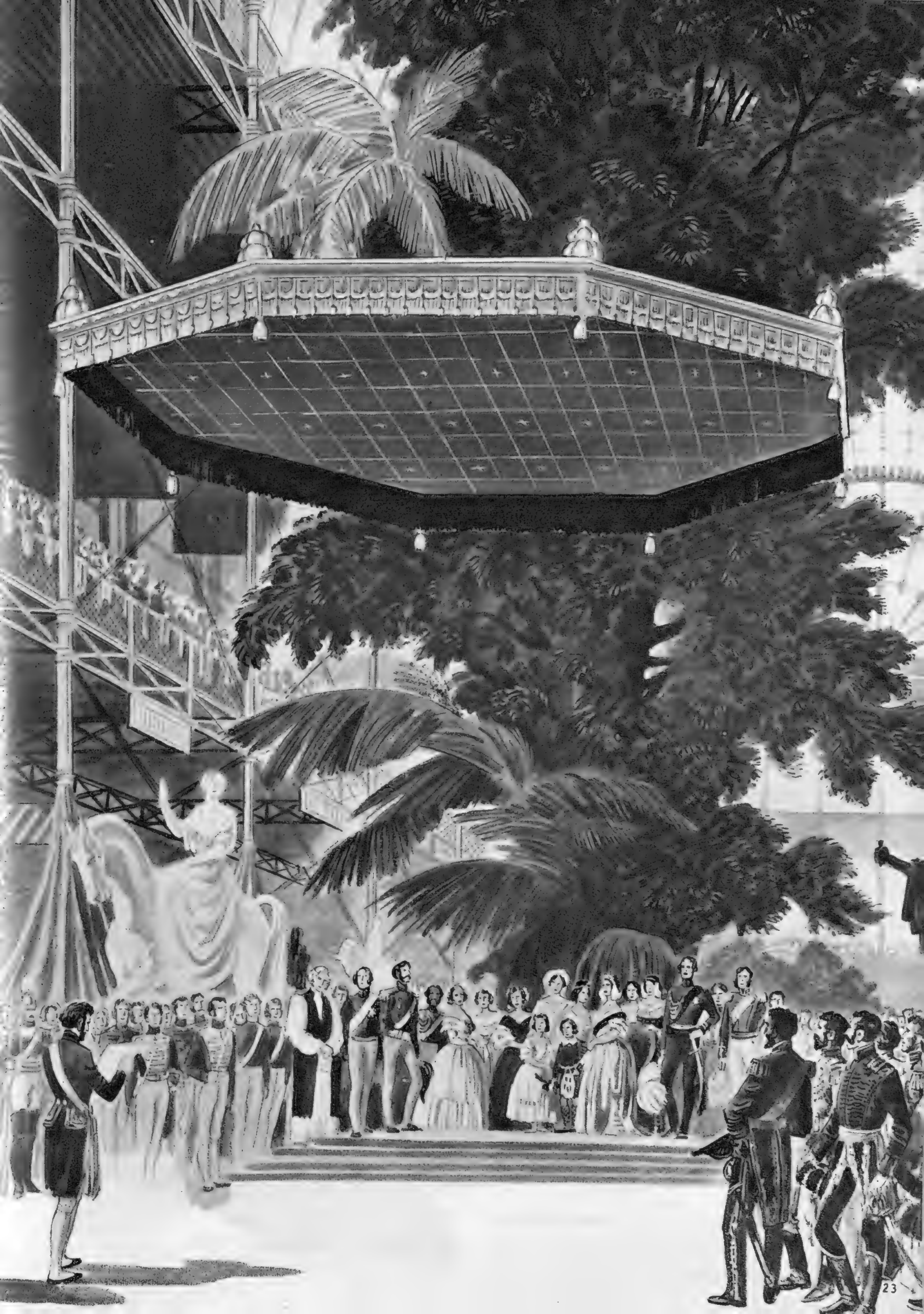
High praise for Albert indeed ; but uppermost in all Victoria's memories of that historic day was the thought of Albert and the dominant part he had played in creating and developing the Exhibition. And Albert deserved her praise. For it was his vision, the breadth of his conception, his genius for organisation, his flair for getting the right men—and, of course, the men themselves, colleagues like Cole, Paxton and Fox—that had made it possible, sometimes in the face of bitter opposition and discouragement.

The tremendous enthusiasm of that first day was a crushing answer to those Jeremiahs in Parliament, in the Press and among the public who had cried woe on Albert's project. As also was the Exhibition's subsequent success. For the 140 crowded days during which it was open it drew 6,000,000 visitors, who paid £356,000 to enter its glass precincts and view the greatest collection of the world's products ever assembled.

Victoria herself could not have enough of it. For the first three months she was one of Albert's most faithful patrons, for she visited the Exhibition regularly about three times a week. Excited as a girl with the whole gigantic Show, she toured, it is said, every stand, inspecting everything, buying the things that caught her fancy or graciously accepting them as gifts from

The opening of the 1851 Exhibition by Queen Victoria. Colour was everywhere—in the decorations and dazzling uniforms and dresses of the hundreds of distinguished guests, in the massed banks of flowers, in the banners and rich hangings

—JACK MATTHEW—



flattered exhibitors. And, fondly displayed in her apartments in Buckingham Palace, or perhaps at Osborne or Balmoral, these mementoes recalled to Victoria in after years the happiness of herself and Albert in those summer months of 1851.

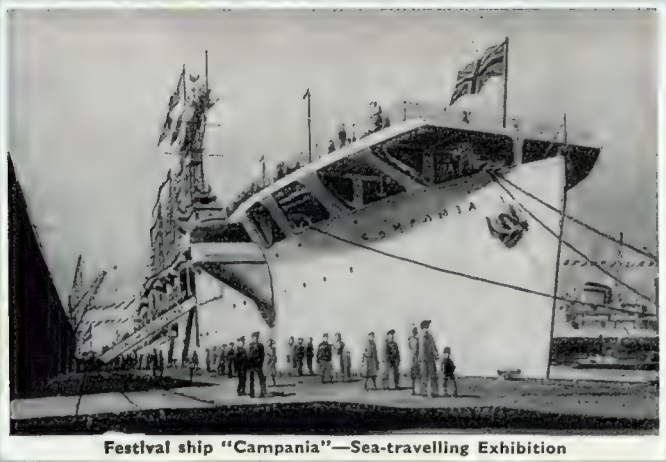
By a curious symmetry of time, the Exhibition year and with it that unforgettable opening day—perhaps the greatest, most triumphant moment of their whole married life—came almost at the midpoint of their twenty-one-years devoted partnership. In 1840 they had been married; in 1861 Victoria was to be widowed by Albert's untimely death. It was the high-light of two decades of unfaltering love and devotion.

PRINCESS VICTORIA, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and Prince Albert, son of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, were cousins. Both were born in 1819, Albert being the younger by three months. From their youth they had virtually been intended for each other, for it seemed to those who controlled the destinies of their countries that theirs would be a highly satisfactory union. But they did not meet until 1836, when Albert came to stay at Kensington Palace.

Both were then seventeen. Victoria, though not beautiful, was a captivating girl, fair, vivacious, with a pretty smile and a pleasant, musical voice. Albert, dark-haired, blue-eyed and straight-featured, was outstandingly handsome, and his shy charm of manner hid a quiet and reflective temperament; and it is no wonder that Victoria, with her romantic turn of mind, fell in love with him. Albert, less susceptible than his cousin, was attracted, though less deeply.

He left to return to his native Coburg, and perhaps she forgot him a little, although at the back of both their minds was the thought that one day they might be man and wife. Then, a year later, when Victoria was still only eighteen, she succeeded to the throne; and for a time the distractions and excitements of being Queen drove ideas of marriage from her head. When two more years passed without sign from her that she wished to marry Albert—though they were regularly corresponding—her Uncle Leopold and Baron Stockmar, the two chief promoters of the Royal match, became a little worried and they decided that Albert should pay a second visit to England. (*Continued on page 70*)

The wedding of Victoria and Albert in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. So began their married life. They were young, they were devoted, they held the highest position in the land—theirs was, in fact, the fairy-tale formula for perfect happiness



Festival ship "Campania"—Sea-travelling Exhibition

Entrance to the Land-travelling Exhibition

Glasgow will stage an Exhibition of Industrial Power at Kelvin Hall

A cottage in the Festival Village of Gt. Bardfield, Essex

Highlights Of

All Britain Festival

The Festival Of Britain Is Much More Than A London Show

TO hear most people talk—and this is particularly true in the provinces—you would think Festival Year is confined to the South Bank centre in London. This is far from the aim of the Festival Council—and far from the truth of the intense activity promoted in all parts of the land!

A centre in London—yes. But there are main exhibits in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Hull, Leeds, Bristol, Bath, Nottingham, Canterbury—and a score more. Smaller towns—villages—even hamlets have something doing that is gay part and glittering parcel of the Festival of Britain, 1951.

In all, an astonishing *total of over 2,000 separate places* are concerned with putting on their own personal celebrations.

Let me lift the curtain on some corners of the country to show the special appeal of places great and small.

Out of the only blue in a wet spring, the name of Trowell hit the headlines. Never (*Continued on page* 62)

By Richard Parsons

Double Deal

A Short Story By

Thurman Warriner

IT had been a rough crossing. A sullen darkness was settling down by the time they sighted the English coast. Not many people braved the deck. Among them were two women huddled close against the wind. They were watching a man who leaned in great dejection over the rail.

One of the women was elderly and gaunt, expensively but dowdily dressed, a flat felt hat pinned firmly down on iron-grey hair. She was the type of woman that travels everywhere from Baltimore to Bali and remains obstinately English in

all circumstances. She had bloodshot eyes and a face like a Red Indian's.

The other was twenty years younger. She carried a book under one arm and a travelling-rug over the other, and wore flesh-tinted glasses. She had *companion* written all over her.

"He's going to *jump*, Mrs. Bentinck!" she gasped.

"Of course he is! Be quiet, girl!"

They had been watching the man for the past fifteen minutes. He seemed to have made up his mind at last. One foot was already on the top rail. . . .

I STARTED to walk on.
But he called after me
and told me to wait

"*YOUNG MAN!*" rasped Mrs. Bentinck, in a voice that had halted taxi-drivers, stewards and rickshaw-boys the world over.

He turned his head. In the moment's grace thus gained, Mrs. Bentinck stepped forward smartly and hooked her umbrella round his ankle.

"I wouldn't do that," she said. "Really I wouldn't."

He lurched back to the deck. "Damn you!" he said without malice. "How do you know you wouldn't?"

Mrs. Bentinck looked at him shrewdly. A good-looking man, plenty of character as to the nose but too sensitive about the chin, she thought. Quite obviously driven to the edge of desperation. She felt insatiably curious. People returning from abroad don't usually jump overboard within sight of England.

She said so, aloud.

"I, too, have my troubles," she added. "Among them, a (*Continued on page* 55)

MOROCCO BOUND

By Harry J. Greenwall

SOMEBODY very rightly said that Africa is a cold country with a hot sun, and of no part of the Dark Continent is that truer than the north-west corner, the Protectorate of French Morocco. The Arabs, when the sun goes down, clutch their burnouses tighter to their bodies and draw nearer to their charcoal braziers. Nowadays they are less interested in their endless games of dominoes because the talk in the bazaars and the cafés is of one subject only: the Sultan and what will become of him? Will he go; will he stay? Indeed, will the French masters allow him to stay?

Strange things are happening in Morocco, this sizeable land of a little less than a quarter of a million square miles; there is a population of perhaps six million, so you have a rich land, about thirty times the area of England, Scotland and Wales, but the inhabitants are but two-thirds of the population of Greater London!

Yes, Morocco is indeed a rich land, and that maybe is a reason for the headaches Morocco is giving Paris. The climate is healthy, the soil fertile. On the surface cereals and vines grow while sheep and cattle graze on the pastures. There are fine forests. Beneath the surface are many minerals, as yet but partially exploited. Who will eventually do the exploitation, the French, the Americans, the Arabs, or some as yet unidentified Communists?

The French established a Protectorate in Morocco at the beginning of the twentieth century, after granting concessions to the British, the Spaniards and finally to the Germans. France began the pacification of the country and it proceeded well until latterly, with the exception of a period in 1934 when Abd el Krim raised the standard of revolt in the Riff, north Morocco; but the French in time squashed that. Evidence of first-rate colonization is visible on all sides. In Morocco the French did under General Lyautey what they had previously done with success in the older colony (later a French department) Algeria. At the height of the Gandhi troubles in India I asked Lyautey what was wrong, in his opinion, with British rule in India.

"Too much education," he answered. I asked the general the secret of his success in Morocco. He smiled grimly. "I used to ask the civil authorities (*Continued on page* 65)

What Of The Future?

A First Adventure Which Gave The Venturer Hope And A New Outlook On Her Hitherto Drab Life

By

Ursula Bloom

MISS PIPPET could not remember when she had taken a holiday, certainly she had never had what you might call a proper one, the sort that people undertook these days. Smallish and pale, she was a pleasant little woman, grey-eyed with fading fluffy hair, and suddenly she realized that she was allowing life to pass her by, and getting nothing back for it. It was a new thing for her to become emotionally ambitious, but it happened.

She had been a teacher in an industrial town ever since she was twenty, poorly paid, and hampered by long holidays which had to be spent in her cheap lodgings. She saved arduously against the future which alarmed her. Now her fiftieth year was appearing on an unvarnished horizon. Women have few illusions about fifty. They know what it means, and this particular year perhaps the suggestions of war had made her a trifle reckless.

She was sick of teaching children who looked upon her as being merely a frustrating barrier between themselves and enjoyment. She was tired of the cheap lodgings, with the lino that smelt of too much polish, and God Is Love written in abundant forget-me-nots and framed over the mantel.

"Why don't you take a really good holiday this summer?" asked the vicar, little realizing that he was putting a match to tinder.

It might be her last summer! Certainly, after fifty she wouldn't feel like having a really good holiday, and if the vicar suggested it, it could not be wrong. She was a charming woman, thinking well of all men, but particularly of vicars. She began to play with ideas of Morecambe, or Skegness, and then the brochure arrived. It was a highly coloured one of Juan les Pins, with Antibes—old and grey—round the *cap*. There were palms and red roses, and according to the venturesome agent who had drawn a bow at a venture with regard to Miss Pippet, the Bella Maria was a charming and entirely reasonable hotel.

Miss Pippet thought of her savings lying idle and doing nothing; maybe she'd never live to want them, for funny things happen in life. She seemed to have changed, for now—let me hasten to repeat that recklessness was not part of her nature—she could not dismiss the recurring thought of the Bella Maria.

One of her less discreet pupils had got that aggravating tune into her head—"It's later than you think"—which was the last straw. On such small things is event based.

"I'm going to Juan les Pins," said Miss Pippet.

Her friends thought that she had gone mad; next they decided that she had come into a fortune and had kept pretty quiet about it. If she had come into a fortune, then she was worth cultivating, because she had no one to leave it to—the poor old dear!—so they hovered round. Once she had said

THEN the brochure arrived. It was a highly coloured one of Juan les Pins

where she was going, Miss Pippet felt herself to be committed.

Then the surprising thing happened.

One August day she found herself sitting in the boat train from Victoria, exceedingly nervous though she would not have admitted it, and watching the Kent countryside flying past the windows. Even Kent was adventurous enough, and the strange thing was that Miss Pippet had no regrets for her savings. She had waited all these years for a major adventure, and here it was sitting in her lap with a passport, some travellers' cheques, and the ticket. She ought to be ashamed of herself, and she wasn't. It was all very extraordinary.

The sea was like a millpond. She sat on deck anticipating the worst, and nothing happened. She saw the flurry of Calais coming into sight, the unwelcoming customs sheds, the porters in the bloused blue smocks, one of whom wrested her case from her.

"*Ici, madame, les douaniers,*" said he and his eyes were a couple of sloes under the rakish cap underlined by pursed lips. He bundled her through the customs, ogling the official, and bustling her into the train. She climbed into it—it was an immense climb, very different from England—and she sat down as he directed. He smiled ingratiatingly, his sloe eyes challenging her, "*Bon voyage, madame.*"

She searched in her bag for the strange motley of money which she had not been able to grasp. The engine screeched a warning, and he still smiled at her, so that finally she shuffled some of the silly little notes towards him, knowing that she had overdone it. He bowed himself out, mouthing compliments.

She sat back, thrilled, charmed and excited. The train sped through farmlands, so disappointingly English-looking as to be quite frustrating; the first real joy was the sight of the Eiffel Tower sprawling into the sky. She watched it coming nearer. She saw the cluttered streets of the gay city and was set down at the Gare du Nord, with infinite trepidation. In England she had never been disturbed by her sex, but here in the gay city she was a woman. It was nervous work.

"You take a taxi from the Gare du Nord to the Gare de Lyon," the travel agent had said. She did so. The agent could never have travelled by taxi in Paris or surely he would not have advised it? Miss Pippet could not watch; she could only pray. Now she knew that she had been crazy to plunge her life's savings into a mad adventure, and that she deserved to die. All the same, she lived.

She found herself in the Gare de Lyon and later that night she was rolling down to the Rhone Valley. She sat in a corner seat of the French train, in company with a very noisy French family, and a little priest who, having obviously commended his soul to the Almighty, placed a handkerchief over his face and then proceeded to puff it up and out in a regular and fascinating manner.

Miss Pippet slept little, for she was awed by the presence of others, in particular men, and she did not know what to do about it. But towards morning she became drowsy, and when she woke the brilliantly yellow sunlight was streaming into the carriage, and beyond the window she saw rectangular houses washed in blue and pink, and date palms rising and the little pyramid citron trees.

It had become exceedingly hot.

Later they got to Marseilles—she was rather exhausted, but very excited by it all—and she joined a larger and more airy train, which was most rewarding. I have not wasted my money, she thought swiftly, and the pink colour came to her cheeks.

JUAN LES PINS was wonderful. The scent of orange blossom and roses and clove stocks met her at the station. She was driven to the Bella Maria, which, so the agent had said, was not one of the larger hotels, so that she had been entirely unprepared for its glamour. Apparently nobody wore much clothing and until this moment Miss Pippet had had a very small idea of how little one could wear and yet remain—well, almost—decent!

In the reception office, Madame, black-haired and full-bosomed, received her with more courtesy than warmth. It was not Miss Pippet's idea of a hotel. It sparkled with bright glass, it had a surfeit of long-stemmed pink roses, of marble cupids with crystal fountains; it swarmed with young women, dressed or undressed, for total immersion, and as a hotel it was something of a shock.

I shall never stand this, thought Miss Pippet in some agony as she was taken to her room. It was orchid silk and Cluny lace. Pink plaster cupids embraced one another above the French windows which opened on to a square of lawn where a tangerine tree dangled fruit. She was very tired after that awful journey, and she washed in the adjacent bathroom of pale pink marble, after which the heat having made her drowsy she went off to sleep. It was that lovely, warm sleep of content, and she nodded off only wishing that she had never been so daring as to come here, and woke wondering how she would ever return to England when the time came!

After that she never looked back, and almost immediately she met the colonel. He managed the Harlequin, another hotel down the road, and he was an energetic, true-to-type English C.O. in khaki linen shorts and open neck shirt. Fifty-two, he had retired, he said, with a dud lung and had come here. It was part of his technique to vet the new arrivals from England.

He noted Miss Pippet; she seemed to be so completely out of her element that he was sorry for her. She had nice eyes though, and a charming smile. He was sure that she was a delightful woman, which was true.

"Come for an extra special holiday?" he suggested. He prided himself on hitting the nail on the head.

"I ventured all my savings on it," she admitted.

"Oh well, it does one good to have an occasional flutter," and he laughed.

"Yes, but what happens afterwards?"

"Afterwards can look after itself," said the colonel and he laughed gaily. She liked his clean pink skin, and the little sandy scrub-like moustache. It was a pity he had been retired, and for a moment she wondered why. "Dance?" he asked her.

She didn't. She explained that when one's permanent background is God Is Love in forget-me-nots, history papers and the common round, the trivial task, one doesn't. Then he told her of his background, of life in the Soudan, and she could only think that his common round was singularly uncommon, and she was wholly entranced by his trivial task.

"You mean this is your first adventure?" he asked after a while. He was sorry for her; she was a very nice woman, typically British, and she had deserved a better fate.

"Yes," she agreed.

"We'll go out and explore," said he.

It all began with the idea of doing her a good turn because she was so unsuited to the surroundings of Juan les Pins that she needed guidance. As she didn't care about dancing, the most natural thing seemed to be to take her to the casino. Miss Pippet had no idea where she was being taken, because she was not casino-minded! Of course, had she known, she would never have gone inside, but she accepted the colonel as a reliable guide, and in she went.

She thought that it was a very large place, with glittering chandeliers and an exciting crowd of the most curious-looking people. He pushed her towards a table and she sat down, because she was in the habit of doing what she was told. Before she could prevent herself she had laid a stake.

"But I don't want to," she said suddenly.

The colonel pointed out that if she sat there she would have to. Just this once. She was horrified to see her stake pushed out into the centre of the table. She couldn't look. When she did look the miracle, or rather the beginning of the miracle, had happened. She had won!

To Miss Pippet it was very much like stealing, and she could not believe that amount of money was true. Again and again she staked, with the eyes of other people at the table on her. She was no longer aware of the outrageousness of the place, only of the eyes upon her. Her savings were doubled and re-doubled. All those interminable years of scraping and saving, of doing without new vests, and living on cold mutton and insipid puddings, were eclipsed by this one riotous night at the casino.

"Well, that's that!" said the colonel. It wasn't "that," it was Heaven. "Now what'll you do?"

The sea was dark blue and there were drowned stars in it, little spots of yellow. The essence of verbena was blown to her from the flower beds. "I shall never go back," she said, for that was certain.

"Of course not."

"I think I shall stay here for a long, long time, but I shall want an interest. I couldn't just do nothing, I shall certainly want to do something."

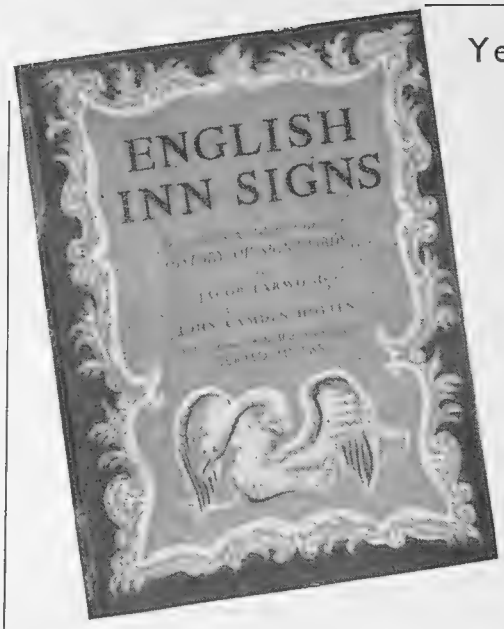
"We'll find you an interest," said the colonel. He was delighted with her, she had all the old school tie principles, one could not imagine Miss Pippet doing a single mean thing.

She didn't sleep that night for she felt that she wasn't herself at all. Next day she bought a couple of frocks more suitable to the south of France. She had her hair permed, and it looked charming. Miss Pippet came out of the salon looking quite attractive and she certainly had delightful eyes.

"It's winning all that money," said the gossips in the hotel. and the management sent her a corsage of orchids to wear at dinner, which she found embarrassing. She had not been born with the mind of a heroine, and she felt that publicity was alarming. (*Continued on page 78*)

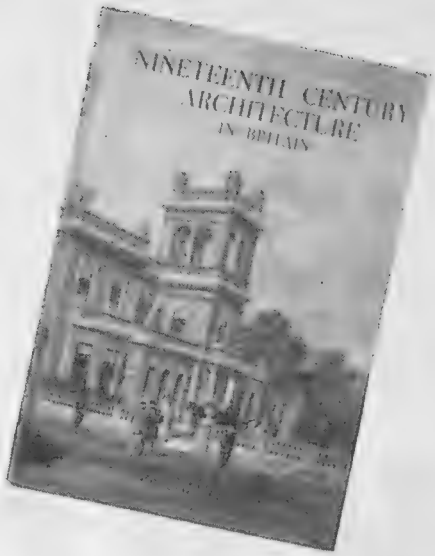
Illustrations by Dudley Pout

THE colonel was an energetic, true-to-type English C.O. in khaki linen shorts and open neck shirt. It was part of his technique to vet the new arrivals from England



Ye Olde Pig and Whistle

THE introduction of one thousand new inn signs this Festival year makes timely a revised and modernized issue of Jacob Larwood's and John Camden Hotten's "History of Signboards" of 1866, with a chapter on modern signs by Gerald Millar. **"English Inn Signs"** (Chatto and Windus, 42s.) is an elegantly produced quarto whose abundant illustrations include reproductions of billheads in Sir Ambrose Heal's unique collection. Fred Taylor, father of the modern poster, and the late Basil Oliver, architect-designer of many public-houses, have helped in the selection. The letterpress comprises a history of signboards from earliest times, a detailed survey of every type of sign and its origin, from the historic, commemorative, heraldic and symbolic to the humorous and comic, such as the "Naked Boy" which satirized the caprice of fashion: "So fickle is our English nation, I wou'd be clothed if I knew the fashion." A full index serves this standard work of reference which is also a work of art.

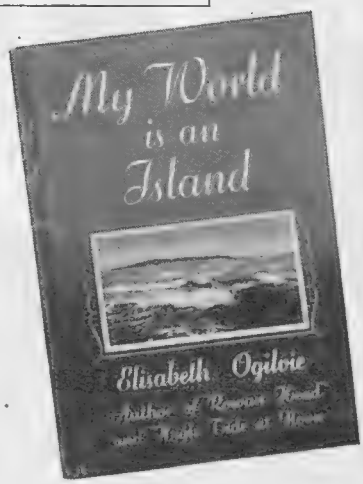


Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

THOSE who have read Hesketh Pearson's "Penguin" biography of the Rev. Sydney Smith; know that he was a droll wit as well as preacher and social reformer. When his doctor advised him to take a walk on an empty stomach he asked "Whose?" Seeing a child stroking a tortoise "to please it," he said one might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's in the hope of pleasing the Dean and Chapter. As Canon there he remarked, at a meeting to discuss a project for laying a wood pavement: "If my reverend brethren will but lay their heads together, the thing will be done in a trice." When he married all he could contribute to the home were six small, much-worn silver teaspoons. "There, Kate, you lucky girl!" he said, flinging them into her lap, "I give you all my fortune!" A rare, lovable spirit, as Gerald Bullett appreciates in a sane, all-round portrait of him which introduces 215 pages of his writings, including the "Peter Plymley" Letters, in **"Sydney Smith"** (Michael Joseph, 15s.): a book rich in robust sense.

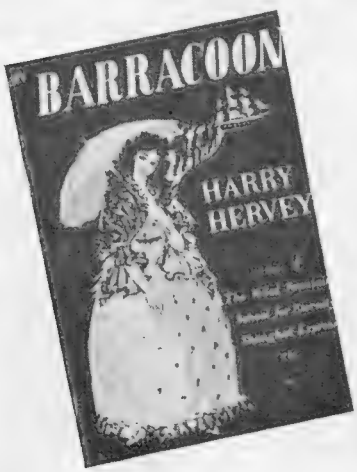
A CENTURY ago three gifted young sisters lived in Salem. Mary attacked slavery, espousing an unpopular cause; Elizabeth, the elder, opened a bookshop and published the early work of novelist Nathaniel Hawthorne; Sophia, the prettiest and most delicate, married him and loyally fostered his genius through hard times. I have seldom read a better, more conscientious biography than Louise Hall Tharp's **"The Peabody Sisters of Salem"** (Harrap, 15s.) with its intimate close-up of Hawthorne's home life and literary circle.

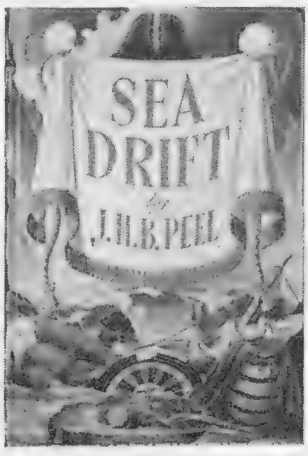
ONE of my happiest Swedish memories is of a three-day trip from Gothenburg to Stockholm by the Gota Canal and great lakes. Terence Heywood now persuades me that even lovelier—"scenically the most enchanting in Europe"—is the Dalsland Canal, which at one place, Haverud, has a road bridge over a railway bridge, beneath that an aqueduct for steamboats, and below that a river, still leaving room for an aircraft in the sky above. **"Background to Sweden"** (Constable, 25s.) is an admirable off-the-beaten-track exploration by one who has thrice cycled across it, sailed the west coast and islands, skied in Lapland, visited Oland and middle Sweden's less-known haunts.

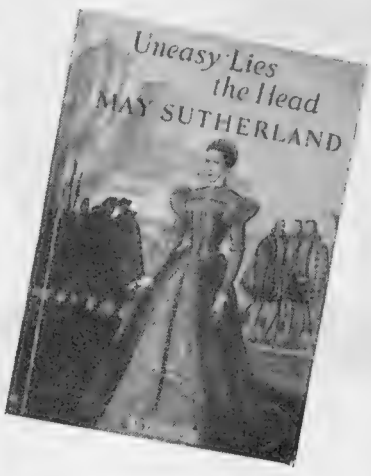


THAXTED, Essex, suffices Ethelind Fearon, who writes again of country jobs and pleasures—flower show, Christmas shopping, home-made panto, Morris dancing—in **"Me and Mr. Mountjoy"** (MacDonald, 12s. 6d.) with Bernard Reynolds's distinctive decorations. Mr. M. is a pig whom at first she thought a lady, and of all the advice she received I like best: "Give her a bucket of coal to chew occasionally." Women's Institutes will chuckle over its earthy, homespun humours.

AS a child Elisabeth Ogilvie grew to love Criehaven Island off the Maine coast—"Bennett's Island" in her novels. **"My World is an Island"** (Harrap, 15s.) describes four years she has spent with a friend in an old house on another nearer the mainland, Gay's Island, and the local fisherfolk. All who dream of an island home will read it with envy, for despite the trials she can say at the end: "The (*Continued on page* 80)







Feminine Ties

New ways to knot the scarves which are back again as one of fashion's prettiest and most feminine of accessories

1 Halve a square cornerwise, set it back from the brow and knot the outer corners under the chignon with the third corner under the knot.

2 Brighten a black dress with a large and brilliant scarf pinned under the collar, bring the ends through the belt and spread them fanwise.

3 Tuck a long straight chiffon scarf under the collar, knot it like a tie and draw the ends through the belt of the dress.

4 Fold a scarf into a strip four inches wide, bind round the head and knot it under one ear. The background shows a Liberty chiffon scarf with a shell design in pastels.

Quilting

THE art of quilting has a very long history. In the Middle Ages soldiers wore quilted surcoats beneath their armour to prevent chafing, some of which were elaborately embroidered. In Tudor times, quilting was used for both men's and women's clothes, on doublets and dresses. By the eighteenth century, quilting had reached its peak with beautiful bed covers, hangings and garments of all kinds.

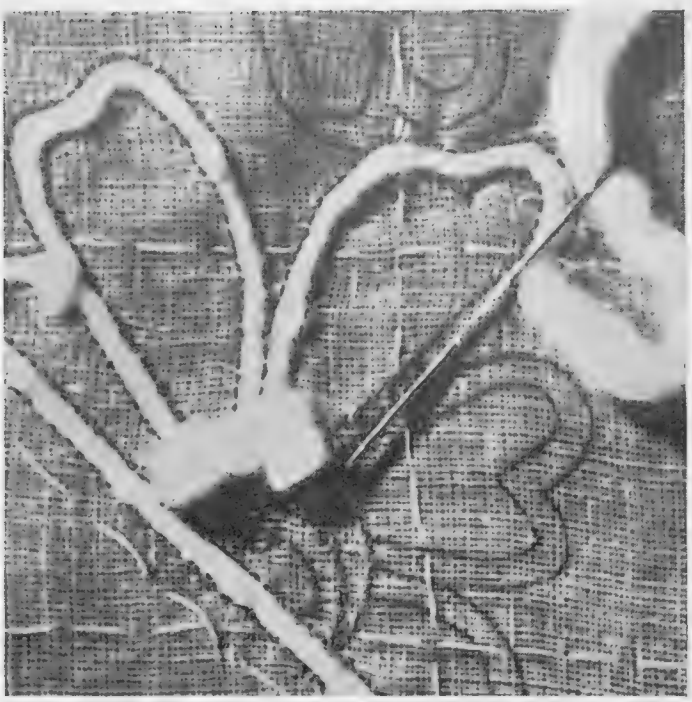
It is the practical quality of quilting that kept the art alive in a few districts in England and Wales even to this day. Thrifty housewives in remote homesteads of South Wales and northern England use wool from the local flocks or even old blankets and pieces of cloth stitched between two coverings to make warm quilts.

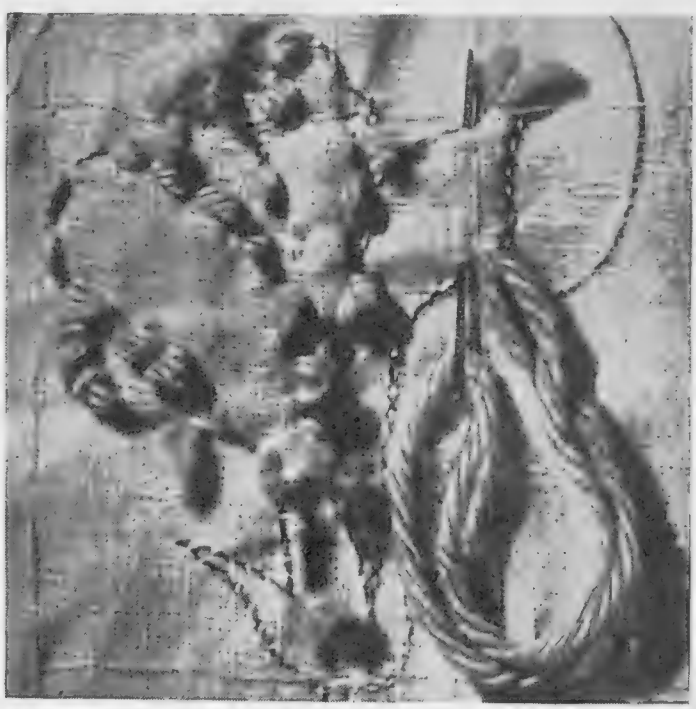
Now that quilting has returned to popularity, both on clothes as well as furnishings, many needlewomen will be inspired to try out this form of needlework. The great advantage is that a wide knowledge of embroidery stitches is not required to obtain rich and even elaborate effects. The use of quilting for bed covers, pelmets, cushions and other furnishings is well known, but London fashion designers this year suggested effective use of quilting on clothes. Quilted revers on suits and coats, quilted hems, pockets or cuffs on dresses are ideas which home dressmakers could work out for themselves.

THERE are two main kinds of quilting; English quilting and a corded variety, which for some unknown reason has come to be known as Italian. All other forms are variations on these two main types.

In English quilting the padded effect is obtained by stitching together two thicknesses of material with a layer of padding

The four pictures below demonstrate details of working. The first shows the quilting cord being drawn through the muslin backing to give the corded effect in Italian quilting. The second and third pictures are of two alternative methods of filling the broad areas of the design, with coloured wools for shadow quilting in the one case, or with cotton wool for Italian quilting as in the third picture. The last picture gives a close-up of English quilting worked in back stitch





The emergence of quilting as a new fashion detail has given fresh impetus to this particular form of needlework. Here is a broad outline of the principles involved in the two main types of quilting

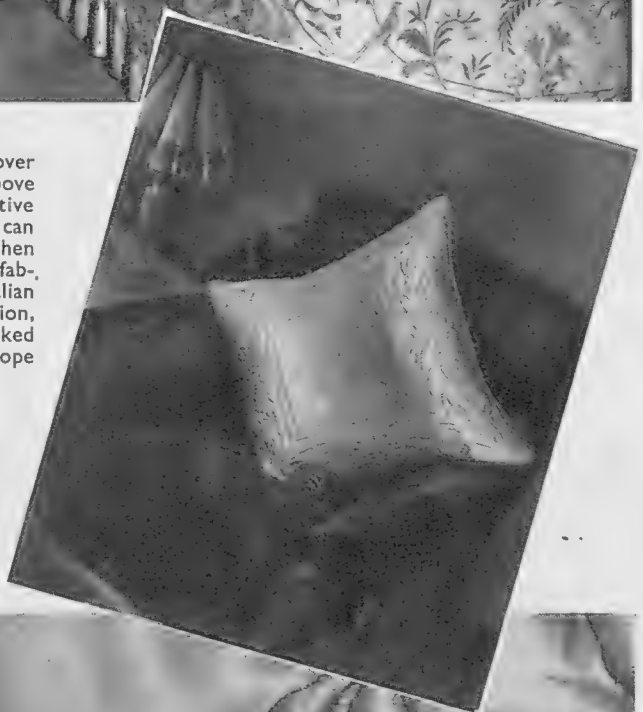
between. Stitches used in quilting are the quilting stitch or back stitch, an ordinary running stitch or chain stitch. Ordinary sewing cottons can be used for running and back stitch; for other stitches giving a bolder outline, use Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton.

With Italian or corded quilting, the padding is confined to certain parts of the pattern and does not cover the whole area as in English quilting. Usually the padded shapes take the form of lines, but interesting results can be obtained with a design built up of broad masses. Again the stitches used are quilting or back stitch, running stitch or chain stitch.

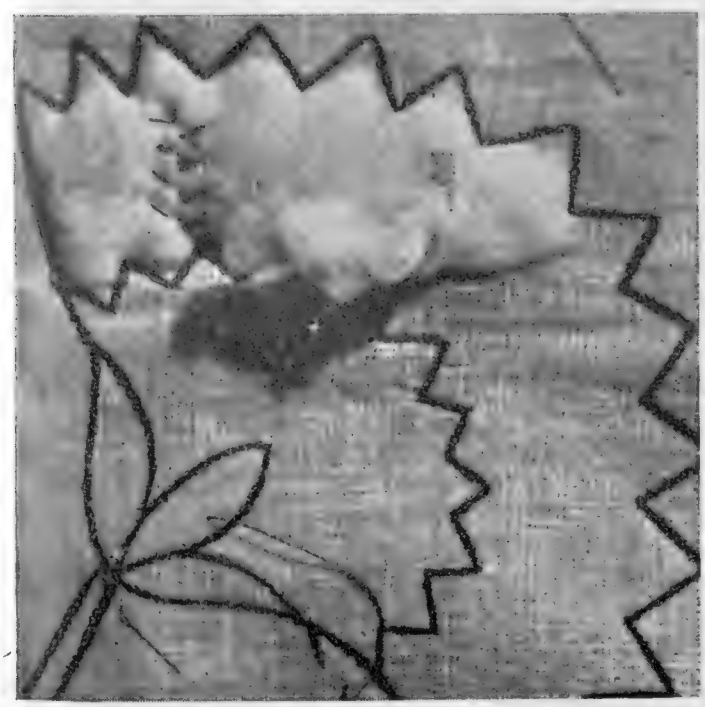
VARIOUS types of material can be successfully quilted. For articles which require frequent washing, good soft linens or pure silks are most suitable. Satin, sateen, taffeta, velvet and rayons can all be used. For the interlining, flannel or French domette are best for garments that will need washing, but otherwise sheet cotton wool or any other soft woolly fabric can be used. Penelope Italian cording wool is used for the corded quilting, with sheet cotton wool for the broad masses. Muslin is best for backing, but any thin cotton or linen will do.

The preparation of the quilting is *extremely* important and much of the success of the finished work will depend on the care with which the materials are assembled. First the stitch must be decided upon, and it is a rule in quilting that a design must be carried out entirely in the same stitch. If back stitch or chain stitch is to be used, the pattern can be traced or ironed off on the front of the work as these stitches form a continuous line. If the quilting is to be worked in running stitch, the pattern must be traced off on to the lining and the quilting worked from the back.

It is best to assemble the pieces on the flat of a table. For English quilting, place the lining on the table, with the interlining on top, pin carefully, then place on the main material and tack all three pieces together. Commence tacking in the centre and work outwards, with long stitches in rows about one inch apart. The work must be tacked in this (*Continued on page* 68)



The chintz bedcover photographed above shows how effective machine quilting can be, particularly when used on printed fabrics. The Italian hand quilted cushion, right, is worked from a Penelope transfer



Shoppers' GLOSSARY

New terms and new descriptions which constantly merge into the shopping vocabulary tend to build up a strange language which only the initiated can understand. What, for instance, is a muted-pastel, a halter neckline, a boutique, or the Big Ten? This test will set your wits working.

Worsted. A term which applies to the method of spinning. The thread is highly twisted which implies that a more substantial cloth is woven than in the case of ordinary woollens.

Couture. Original French meaning is merely to dressmake. Has now become identified with *Haute Couture* to signify High Fashion. Not mass produced.

Spade neckline. Square effect narrower at shoulders than at base, with rounded corners. Spade-shape. Very much worn just now.

Melon sleeves. Puffing out below shoulder and gathered into band to give what in an earlier era was called the balloon sleeve.

Pinchbeck. Metal resembling gold, much used for Victorian jewellery. An alloy invented by John Pinchbeck, a contemporary goldsmith who never disclosed his secret.

Saddlestitching. Used for welts of shoes, as decoration for belts and frequently now on clothes. Derived from the saddle-maker's long, evenly-spaced running stitches made with a heavy thread.

Mutation fur. Skins from animals which are scientifically bred to produce colours and effects which are not ordinarily found in nature.

Guipure lace. A term used to describe a machine-made lace much in use at present. It is without any mesh ground and has heavy motifs connected by bars.

Angola or angora. A fabric made from the wool of angora goat—angora rabbit is the substitute.

The Big Ten. Britain's top dressmakers, ten of whom have combined in a closed society known as the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers.

Melon pink. Slightly yellow undertone to give a very warm glow as seen in a ripe melon.

Showerproof. Fabrics so treated will resist light splashes of rain falling at an angle, but not a steady downpour. Cleaning may in time remove the protective coating and water resistant efficiency decreases.

Vat-dyed. Material dyed in this way has great resistance to light, heat and washing.

Barathea. A fabric which has a broken-rib weave. Not, as often supposed, obtainable only in wool, but may be made in silk or rayon or any other material.

Waffle piqué. Can be rayon, silk or cotton with raised cords running up and down as well as across, giving a waffle effect.

Surah. A soft silk fabric with a diagonal weave as in serge. Frequently made of rayon to-day, though the original surah was pure silk.

Boutique. French term for the small departments opened by model dress houses. Costume jewellery, scarves, accessories, blouses and sometimes slightly lower-priced garments.

Crease resistant. Does not necessarily imply that the fabric is quite uncrushable, but that the method of manufacture produces a high degree of resistance.

OPTICAL *illusions!*

TIME was when the necessity of wearing glasses sounded a note of doom to the woman who cared for her looks. It is a very different picture to-day. We have come so far from the era when spectacles were regarded as disfigurement that they are now counted as fashion accessories and even assumed by people with normal sight as one of the harmless affectations of a sunshine wardrobe.

The design of frames for the woman who cannot do without glasses has been an exhaustive study. Frame styling offers an unlimited variety of shapes and colours which adapt themselves to individual features.

The modern principle is to focus attention on the glasses rather than to apologise for them. The theory justifies itself completely. At the same time, the spectacled woman should choose hats and hair styles with more than special care if the spectacle frames she has selected to flatter the contours of her face are to have their best chance.

A hat with a brim—even a small one—is better than one without. Heavy trimmings and saucy effects are best avoided. Without being severe, the hat should be shapely and soft in its contours without too much extraneous detail.

The same principles apply to hair styles. A soft frame of hair about the temples brings spectacles into easier relationship with the features. Hair severely drawn away from the face and brow tends to isolate the glasses from the features. Coloured frames play an important part in establishing this harmony. Frames happily chosen for colour will flatter the skin, the hair and the eyes.

THE selection of frames pictured below is an indication of the styles and effects obtainable. Subtleties of variation between individual features make it impossible to lay down rules of selection. The only way is to try on as many frames as the optician has to offer. It will surprise you to find how the appearance changes between one style of frame and another.

Makers have gone so earnestly into the business of styling and design that you can change the colour of your frames to match your costume and keep a special pair of jewelled frame spectacles for evening wear. In one case a simple frame is faceted at the top. Nail varnish can be dropped into the facets and changed to suit the wearer's taste or the colour of the dress worn.

But whether you care for such frivolous experiments or not, the serious business of looking attractive in glasses is a great deal more fun than it was.

Spectacles for the sunshine and spectacles for seeing with come in an infinite variety of shapes and colour effects. Every face and every taste is suited.

A marcasite decoration distinguishes the horn frames in the upper picture. These are designed for evening wear. PadSpecs obtainable from most good opticians.

1

The hat and

2

3

BUYING a new hat can be a short cut to improved morale or a costly failure. No item of apparel can do so much to flatter the ensemble, or, alternatively, to disrupt its good effect.

Too many hats, though attractive in themselves, crown the silhouette with an uneasy air of having reached that important pinnacle as an after-thought, whereas the true function of a hat is to merge in easy alliance with the features and the all-over proportions of the wearer.

Though face and features are a main consideration, they are not the only ones. Choose your hat before a *full-length mirror*. Wear the clothes with which you expect to team the new headpiece and, in the long mirror, assure yourself that the top-to-toe silhouette is symmetrical. This is what makes the hat an integral part of the ensemble.

Hat styles for the summer ahead present no special problems. Some are wide-brimmed, for taller people who can wear them ; most are neat, with the sailor shape prevailing. All are worn level with trimming mainly concentrated at the back to complement the chignon which has

1. For the face that is not well-suited by the hard-brimmed sailor, Aage Thaarup designed this one of coarse veiling. Worn with a narrow skirt and elaborated peplum.

2. A coffee-straw coolie shape with a black veil worn smooth against the face, echoing the rounded shoulder-line and curved waist of a narrow black dress. Jacqmar model.

3. A natural straw with a shoulder-span brim, classic in conception, complements the spreading skirts of a voluminous black silk coat with below-the-elbow sleeves.

4

You

5

returned from three years' banishment.

With the body-line curved but on the whole narrow and neat, hats are formal rather than fussy. On the other hand, some summer coats are full and wide-skirted, permitting a spreading brim. Short capes are also much featured for the taller woman who can take them, but since they are worn with narrow skirts, they call for a small-brimmed hat to complete the oval silhouette.

Never crown a tailored outline with floating veils or top-heavy trimmings. A suit hat may bloom with flowers if they conform to the outlines of the hat shape. The neater the outline the neater the hat.

With these pictured hats taken from the summer collections of the prominent designers, the accompanying sketches show a perfectly-balanced silhouette for each. The clothes exemplify the current outlines of fashion. In a personal choice individual proportions will naturally weigh, but by following these principles of selection your new hat can give that confident touch of perfection to a good spring outfit.

6

4. Aage Thaarup specially designed this white petersham hat with a dipping brim to wear with three-quarter jackets and the side draperies which cut the figure at knee-level.

5. Hugh Beresford's white pique topped with violet pompons enhances a silk summer suit with a straight skirt moving in soft pleats.

6. Jacqmar's lemon boater swathed with grey and white chiffon gives the narrow top to the oval silhouette which is completed at the base by a narrowing skirt.

AUBRETIA, FERN AND PRIMULA FRAME A GARDEN BENCH.

Rock Gardens

ALTHOUGH nature's rock garden is found on the high mountain slopes, in strong sunshine and purest air, mankind has brought many rare rock plants down into his cultivated gardens and even made a show with rockeries in smoky cities. With the right plants, a beautiful rockery can be made in a shady town garden.

These pictures show some of the loveliest of rock plants, including uncommon Alpine types as well as more familiar ones. Some are for sunshine and dry, sandy soil and others for shade and rich earth. All can be obtained from nurseries in this country and all will grow well if their particular whims are humoured.

The special joy of a rock garden rests in putting you on intimate and affectionate terms with the plants. Its small size and its upward slope to meet you, seem to bring its treasures closer than the flowers of the open garden.

Drainage of the pockets of earth among the stones is naturally good, and in dry weather watering is important. Different pockets may have quite different soils so that in the same rockery you can have a show of the dry, sand-loving pinks and the moist, rich, loam-loving primulas.

Gentiana Lagodechiana likes the sun and water in dry seasons, but it is a hardy version of gentian and grows in any good soil.

Primula Glycosma is a "bog primula" which leads a very wet life, but there are many other rock primulas which grow well in ordinary soil, with a little lime, kept moist in sunny positions.

Campanula Pusilla and *Oxalis Enneaphylla* both do well in ordinary rich soil.

Celmisia Argentea flourishes in sandy soil.

CAMPANULA PUSILLA

OXALIS ENNEAPHYLLA

PRIMULA GLYCOSMA

GENTIANA LAGODECHIANA

CELMISIA ARGENTEA

Babes In

Austerity begins to relent about bedtime First cots and beds for growing children phase where good looks meet with

BEGINNING with the first beribboned crib, the baby's bed is traditionally the enchanting centrepiece of the nursery outfit. The cot is the little newcomer's own world for the first months of life and mothers have delighted in making a worthy setting of it. Glamour has suffered an eclipse for babes in bed during recent years, and though the little occupants have been less aware of it than their proud parents, utility standards have seemed even more regrettable here than elsewhere.

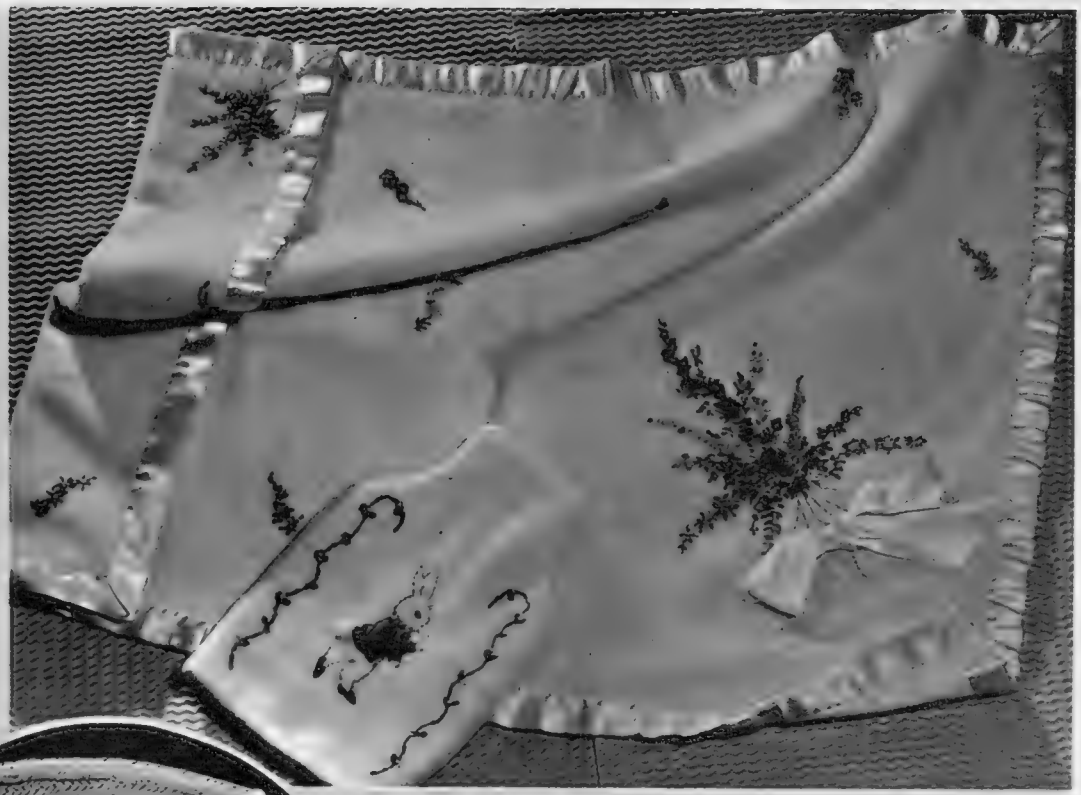
But things have improved, and though the variety of attractive first cots and beds is limited by former standards and prices outside the utility range have risen in common with other things, an attractive bed for baby has an irresistible appeal to mothers.

Accessories are as important in the sense of comfort and appearance as the bed itself and here again the situation has improved and there is again a selection of pretty bed linen and pillows, soft blankets and engaging cot covers. Candlewick makes a special appeal for its soft, cosy appearance, its pretty colouring and, above all, its washability. Cot covers, bedside rugs and nursery curtains are available in this pretty and practical material.

The Moses basket also makes a welcome return in its original pretty form. Canvas substitutes have been available throughout, but the Italian raffia basket has its special appeal and is sure of a warm welcome.

A half-dropside bed above meets the needs of a child right through to the teen-age. In various coloured enamels or in light or dark oak. Nursery equipment in this room by Oetzmann.

The Italian raffia Moses basket makes a welcome return. In two colours, with animal motifs. At Gaychild. The light-oak nursery bed (right) has a coloured candlewick washable cover. Heals.



Blanket cot cover, satin bound and hand embroidered with a bottle cover to match. (Left) A matched set of sheets and pillowcases and coloured honeycomb blankets. Gaychild.

Bed

glamour for babes.
are entering a new
practical design

Ready to receive a Very Important Person, a Treasure Cot in the classic tradition trimmed with white embroidered organdie and pink rosettes.

Slip-On Sweater

MATERIALS : 5 ozs. Sirdar Majestic Wool 3-ply ; Nos. 13 and 11 needles ; 8 buttons.
To fit 34-36 ins. bust. Length, 20½ ins.
TENSION : 15 sts. to 2 ins. Width of each diagonal panel in st.st. 3 ins.

BACK

With No. 13 needles cast on 120 sts., and work in k. 2, p. 2, rib for 4 ins.

Next row.—Rib 58 sts., turn* ; with wool in front of work slip st. from right-hand needle to left-hand one, pass wool round to back of work, put the slipped st. back on right-hand needle, rib 54, turn. Rep. from * but working 4 sts. less in each row, until 10 sts. only are worked. Break wool. Slip 28 sts. from left-hand needle to right-hand needle, join wool, rib 54 sts. and work to match other side, *i.e.*, 4 sts. fewer each row until 10 only are worked. Break wool, slip all sts. on to 1 needle. Change to No. 11 needles. Join wool, and, still working in rib, inc. after every 5 sts. except the last. (143 sts.)

Commence patt. In pattern the following abbreviations are used : Cross 2 k.—put the needle behind the first st. on left-hand needle, insert it knitwise into 2nd st. ; k. this st. and leave it on needle ; then k. first st. and slip both off needle together.

Cross 2 p.—put needle purlwise into 2nd st. and purl it. Leave it on left needle and purl the first st. Slip both sts. off needle together.

1st row.—K. 4, (p. 3, cross 2 k., p. 2, s. 1, k. 1, psso., k. 22, inc., k. 1 ; p. 3, cross 2 k., p. 2, k.1, inc., k. 22, k. 2 tog.) twice ; p. 3, cross 2 k., p. 2, k. 4.

2nd row.—P. 4 (k. 3, cross 2 p., k. 2, p. 25), 4 times, k. 3, cross 2 p., k. 2, p. 4.

Rep. these two rows till work measures 18 ins. from beg.

Next row.—K. 4, p. 3, cross 2 k., p. 2, s. 1, k. 1, psso., k. 22, inc., k. 1, p. 3, cross 2 k., p. 2, cast off 57, p. next two, cross 2 k., p. 2, k. 1, inc., k. 22, k. 2 tog., p. 3, cross 2 k., p. 2, k. 4.

Work on these 43 sts. in patt. as before, for ten rows.

(*Continued on page* 68)

White And Woolly

MATERIALS AND SIZE : 10 ozs. Target "Motoravia" wool. 1 yard lining ; 5 buttons ; 1 pr. needles No. 11. Length, 15½ ins. ; chest, 23 ins. ; sleeve, 11½ ins.

BACK

Cast on 108 sts., and work in following pattern throughout :

1st row.—K. 1,* k. 1, W.R.N., s. 1 (purlwise), rep. from * to last stitch k. 1. **2nd row.**—K. 1,* purl loop and slip st. tog. P. 1, rep. from * to last st. K. 1. **3rd row.**—K. 1,* W.R.N., s.1 (purlwise), k. 1. Rep. from * to last st. K. 1. **4th row.**—K. 1,* p. 1, p. tog. loop and s.s Rep. from * to last st. K. 1.

These four rows form pattern.

Work 3 ins. without shaping, then dec. 1 st. each end of row in the next and every 8th row, 17 times.

When work measures 11½ ins., inc. 1 st. each end of next and alternate rows 3 times.

Shape armholes.—Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of next two rows. 2 sts. at beginning of next two rows : 1 st. at beginning of next 6 rows Continue without shaping until armhole measures 4½ ins.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 5 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

Left front.—Cast on 68 sts. Keeping the right edge straight, shape the left edge to correspond with back thus :

Work 3 ins. without shaping. Then dec. 1 st. every 8th row at the left edge, 17 times.

When work measures 11½ ins., increase 1 st. at left edge alternate rows, 3 times.

Shape armholes.—Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next armhole edge row. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next armhole edge row : cast off 1 st. at beg. of next 3 armhole edge rows. Work without shaping until armhole measures 3½ ins., then :

Shape Neck.—Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next neck edge row ; 5 from the next neck edge row ; 3 from next ; 2 from next ; and 1 at the beginning of next 3 neck edge rows.

Shape shoulder.—Cast off 5 sts. at beginning of next 4 armhole edge rows.

Right front.—Work as for left front with shaping reversed. At same time work button-holes. First button-hole is made when work measures 5 ins., thus :

Starting from the straight edge, pattern 5 sts., cast off 3, pattern to end. Next row : pattern to last 5 sts., cast on 3, pattern 5. 4 more button-holes are made at 2-in. intervals, making 5 in all.

Sleeves.—Cast on 52 sts. and work in pattern. Work 2½ ins. without increasing. Increase 1 st. each end of next row and at intervals of 1 in. for the next 5 ins. Continue without shaping until sleeve measures 9 ins., then :

(*Continued on page* 68)

Summer To-Be

THESE summer dresses exemplify the trend towards cottons with the practical washability of tub frocks and the elegance associated with formal styles. In the small picture at the top is Susan Small's beautifully styled rayon shantung in cherry pink. About £10. Horrockses cotton piqué, top, has black sixpenny spots on a choice of coloured grounds. £8 4s. 0d. Another cotton by Horrockses has a side drape slotted through the pocket. £6 14s. 9d. Susan Small's cotton suntop dress, right, covers bare shoulders with a cape when the sun goes in. Approximately £7 17s. 6d.

Names of retailers will be sent on receipt of a stamped envelope to "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Take a Deep Breath

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

EVERYONE has experienced the feeling of exhilaration which a breath of country air brings. When the lungs expand with good clean air there comes a feeling of new vitality, a consciousness of well-being. The expression "take a deep breath" has its origin in the resurgence of vitality which life-giving oxygen gives to the blood. Just breathing is such a natural function that we tend to overlook the importance of "conscious breathing" as a health factor.

Basically, breathing is to the body what the draught is to the furnace. The stronger the draught, the fiercer the fire burns; the more efficient the respiration, the greater will be the fund of vitality at the disposal of the body. The signs of oxygen starvation—yawning, weariness, languor and dizziness—are all familiar. These symptoms mean that the air, stored in the innumerable air cells of the lungs, is stale and the blood is being starved of its vital supply of oxygen. One or two deep breathes to expel the stale air and replace it with fresh (the revivifying power of a short walk round the block after hours indoors for instance) will dispel the feeling of stuffiness.

By just merely breathing we keep ourselves alive, but by controlled breathing we can do much more for physical well being. The physical act of breathing is a natural toning exercise and plays an important part in stimulating every function of the complicated human system.

Respiration should not be confined to movement of the ribs only. The deep, rhythmic breathing which is natural to the healthy person involves the diaphragm and incidentally the abdominal muscles, too. In fact, the abdomen should expand and contract with every inhalation and exhalation and if it doesn't, then you are not breathing deeply enough. Incidentally, the best way of testing your breathing is to lie flat on your back. This way, it is easier to see whether the diaphragm is or is not involved.

IF breathing does not extend below the diaphragm, then some conscious effort should be made to improve it. Deep, rhythmical respirations, whenever you remember to do it (this exercise can be done quite inconspicuously while you are waiting in the queue or preparing the vegetables) will help to improve the involuntary respiratory movements.

It is particularly important for overweight women to look to their breathing. Shallow breathing (associated as it usually is with incorrect posture) is, in itself, sometimes a contributory cause of increasing weight around the diaphragm and tummy. Certain breathing exercises involving the diaphragm and abdominal muscles can be effective in cases of constipation. If you would like to have details of these exercises, please write to me and I shall be pleased to send them.

So much for the physical side of breathing. There is, also, a strong link between control over the respirations and mental and nervous health. If you have studied first aid, you will recall that shallow breathing is a typical symptom of shock. Strong emotions like fear or apprehension bring the same result and show the close interconnection between the respiration and the emotions.

Nervous, highly strung people tend to be shallow "chest-breathers" while the more phlegmatic types are deep, diaphragmatic breathers. While changing from shallow to deep, slower breathing will not alter the personality, highly strung or nervous people will gain great benefit from deep, rhythmic breathing which helps to induce a physical and mental calm. Sufferers from insomnia will also find that deep and regular respirations will go a long way to achieving a mental and physical relaxation which is the bridge between consciousness and sleep.

The very thin person will probably find that breathing control will help to increase weight, where diet and rest seems to be of little avail. Deep breathing is probably the most effective exercise for developing the bust, filling out salt cellars and rounding thin shoulders and necks. If you recall the typical, rather full figure of the professional singer or long distance swimmer (both requiring the utmost breath control) you will see how true this is.

Most Important Feature

IN these days, there is often too much emphasis placed on flawless complexions and not enough on the eyes. While skins usually get their full share of creams and attention, the eyes are often left to look after themselves, except for a touch of mascara and a little shadow on evenings out.

Eyes depend for their appeal as much on quality as on shape and size, which is an encouragement for even the least gazelle-like of us. "The lively eye," and "the sparkling eye" come in for as much poetic praise as the others, and these attributes are a practical matter of good health, avoiding undue fatigue and care of the sight.

Eyestrain is often the secret enemy of eye beauty. Frown and "screw" lines, redness of the lids all indicate that the sight is being overtaxed. The answer need not necessarily be spectacles. Anyone interested enough in the appearance of her eyes, even if the vision is perfect, should read Aldous Huxley's fascinating little book, *The Art of Seeing*. It is not only a lesson in the care of the eyes, but a training in perception, too.

CERTAIN lines about the eyes, particularly in the older woman, are not in themselves to be deplored for they give expression and character to the features. The dry, crêpy texture of a neglected skin, however, is disagreeably ageing, and quite unnecessary as regular use of eye creams, which are smoother emollients than ordinary nourishing creams, will keep the eyelids soft and smooth. Look after the wrinkles and the lines will look after themselves is a rule of eye loveliness.

Happily, fashion has sponsored a return to the natural eyebrow line and by removing the surprised look, has taken years off our faces. Eyebrows are now groomed rather than plucked. It is permissible to remove the straggling hairs and thin a little from beneath the brow in order to get a clean line, but not more. Study the relationship of brow to eye socket; of the eye itself to the eyebrow and you will see how futile it is to try to improve on nature's artistry.

Just as important is the relationship of the eye to the cheek-bone formation. Rouge placed on the cheeks can enhance the *depth and colour* of the eyes, so long as it is placed so that it conforms to the *shape* of the eyes.

Eyes set wide apart are a canon of beauty, and there should be at least an eye's width between them. Here make-up can be used to camouflage imperfections. If the eyebrows are trimmed a little wider apart at the centre, and if eye shadow stops short of the inner corner and is taken beyond the outer edge of the upper eyelid, the eyes will appear much further apart. Brushing the eyelashes outwards, as well as upwards, will help to give that wide-swept look. Don't use mascara on the lower lashes if you have the least tendency to shadows beneath the eyes as it tends to make them look a little dark-rimmed.

THE colour of the eyes is perhaps their most important characteristic, and everything should be done to enhance and enliven it. The eyes are enormously affected by colours worn. Certain shades will nullify (*Continued on page* 80)

Protective Foundations

OVER-DRYNESS of the skin is a very common complexion trouble nowadays, which some types of make-up foundation tend to exacerbate. The usual treatment of a dry skin which consists of massaging with a rich, nourishing cream at night, is only a temporary expedient, if on the morrow the daytime foundation is going to undo all the good work of the night cream.

An emollient make-up foundation is the answer to the dilemma. It has been found that by introducing lanolin into the make-up foundation, the skin can be kept soft and nourished, without sacrificing any of the mattness of finish.

Two new foundations containing lanolin are now making their début. One is a liquid base for women who want a naturally pretty and not obvious make-up. It softens dry skins, freshens oily skins and is ideal for the "combination" skin which shows both oiliness and dryness in patches. Application is as easy as a hand-cream and time-saving as a consequence. It is made in six shades including colourless for those who prefer it.

The second preparation is a foundation cream which satisfies the three requisites of a foundation—it nourishes the skin, protects it against inclement weather, and provides an ideal non-greasy base for powder. Either foundation is good for wear in summer as they offer protection against over-dryness without the tendency to shininess which on sensitive skins cream type foundations develop in the hot weather.

"For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?"

What's On The Label?

FAMILIAR though we are with the labels which appear on nearly every type of merchandise, when it comes to the point, many of us would be foxed if asked to say exactly what they imply.

How much do we really know about labels applying to clothing, textiles and food, to mention only three general types of goods with which the consumer is constantly concerned? Further, how much confidence can we have in them and does any machinery exist to safeguard our interests?

The so-called "Cs" of the Utility label are just a simple design; the 41 stands for 1941, year of the Utility scheme; the number 210 (for example) refers to manufacturers' lists of textiles; the letter D (for example) indicates some modification of the original listed textile. These lists of cloths, etc., are drawn up by committees consisting mostly of trade and industry representatives; they often use terms which are traditional and familiar to themselves but which may seem dated if we come across them (e.g. "Women's and Maids' Outerwear").

On the question of confidence, the Utility label implies, as most women know, that the goods comply with Utility orders laying down specifications in regard to size, cloth qualities and price ceilings. Quality of workmanship is also aimed at. For example, the Board of Trade regulations relating to Utility knitted goods includes this paragraph: "A manufacturer shall take reasonable care to ensure that the methods and materials used in the construction of any knitted fabric, garment or footwear are such as will give reasonable wear and satisfaction, and that the making-up materials used in the construction of any knitted garments or footwear shall also give reasonable wear and satisfaction if properly used. . . ."

WHERE, then, do things go wrong as they inevitably do from time to time? For one thing, rising costs of raw materials to-day throw ceiling prices and specifications on which they are based completely out of gear. Government departments can't bridge the time-lag quickly enough and manufacturers almost literally can't make two ends meet. Then, specifications for *minimum* requirements are too often taken as "All you're going to get"; and to-day even good manufacturers with reliable brand names can't always play the game as they would wish in regard to turnings and hems when every inch costs so much. And human nature being fallible, there are always some traders who are not above putting things across the public.

On the consumers' side, they do not always understand what they are buying and feel helpless to protest when they have been done down.

This country has a Labelling Food Order but no widespread Labelling Act such as exists in America. It's easy to be taken in by an obscure label or description which, even with the best will in the world, doesn't convey a clear meaning. For example, "Woollen" (instead of Wool or Worsted) is an utterly misleading description—most of it contains only about twenty per cent wool, the rest being rayon or some other commodity; while "Gaberdine," covering a range of comparatively inexpensive goods on the market, can be a twill cloth bearing no resemblance to the high-class textile known correctly as "*Wool* Gaberdine."

To take examples of food, how can we guess at the distinction between "Fresh Fruit Standard Jam" (made of fresh fruit without the addition of colouring or preservative other than sugar) and "Full Fruit Standard" (made from fruit pulp with no restriction on additions); or know that though each contains a minimum of sixty-eight per cent "soluble solids" the fruit content itself varies from forty per cent down to a miserable twenty per cent?

The present system of labelling contains many anomalies. In this article Lorna Lewis discusses the significance of many labels in familiar use and how far they can be regarded as a guarantee of quality

THE safeguard for customers is actually better than might be expected, for there are a number of organizations aiming at fair play and fair dealing, which after all does pay in the long run. To name some, the British Standards Institution is concerned mainly about sizes but also quality of goods. The Clothing Development Council is set up by the Government to work on the industrial rather than the retailing side. The Retail Traders Standards Association, sponsored almost entirely by retailers themselves, aims at highest standards of honest trading, quality in goods and clearness of labelling. Then there is the Government's own protective legislation: for example, the Bedding and Rag Flocks Acts (in process of being tightened up), the Sales of Foods Regulations, the very far-reaching and important Food and Drugs Act.

Summing up briefly a large subject briefly treated: Immediate wants include a comprehensive Labelling Act; much closer co-ordination between ceiling prices and Utility specifications; explanatory labels giving accurate information, simple statements of food and drink values, free from fulsome nutritive or misleading medicinal claims. A most important "must" is understanding on the part of the customer, whose intelligence, persistence and nuisance-value can be effective in ensuring the label tells the true story.

Future In The Cup

A painting by an unknown painter, circa 1720, of an English tea party allegedly comprising the dramatist John Gay and his sisters

The fine art of tea drinking has been lost to the English for eleven years and younger people have yet to learn the potency of its full bouquet, but a new era opens for the connoisseur with the lifting of restrictions on blending

DURING the three centuries that have passed since Samuel Pepys recorded in his diary the fact that "I did send for a cup of Tee, a China drink of which I never had drunk before," the amazing rise of tea to its present status as our national beverage has even led to the suggestion that tea drinking is now a hereditary national characteristic.

Unfortunately, eleven years of tea rationing have exerted a baneful influence on our palates, if not on our capacities. We have not only been forced by shortage to make weak tea, almost forgetting in consequence the full flavour of a well made brew, but of recent years we have had to accept tea inferior in quality to that of pre-war.

Rationing, alas, continues, but there is hope now that better tea will be available in a few months' time.

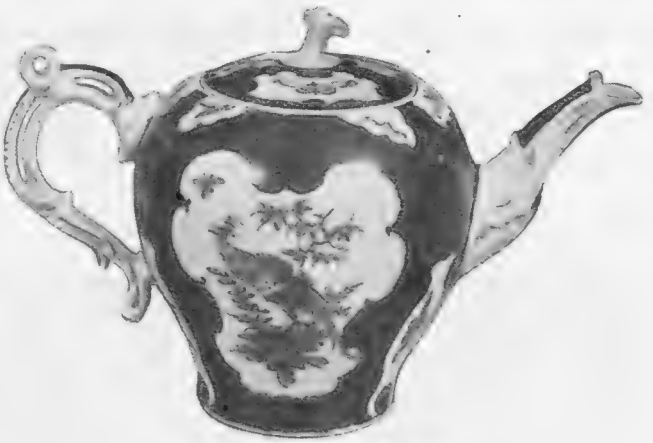
In April of this year bulk buying of tea was suspended, and the London Tea Auctions re-opened. Britain's tea merchants are able once again, with certain limitations imposed by retail price control and the subsidy, to select teas to buy and blend for the consumer instead of having to take the "pool" tea allocated in past years.

By late summer there should be a wider variety of better quality tea, and the tea drinker who wants to take advantage of this improved situation must brush up her tea knowledge.

SOME of us who do not remember the pre-war era of tea drinking might be reminded of the wide variety in teas. Just as wines possess distinctive characteristics of their own, so teas from different countries, and from different districts in the same country, possess their own special characteristics. Most of the tea sold in Britain is blended and consists of varying proportions of different teas combined to produce a certain standard of flavour, fragrance and strength at a fixed price throughout the year. Each blend brings out the predominant characteristics of some of its composite teas.

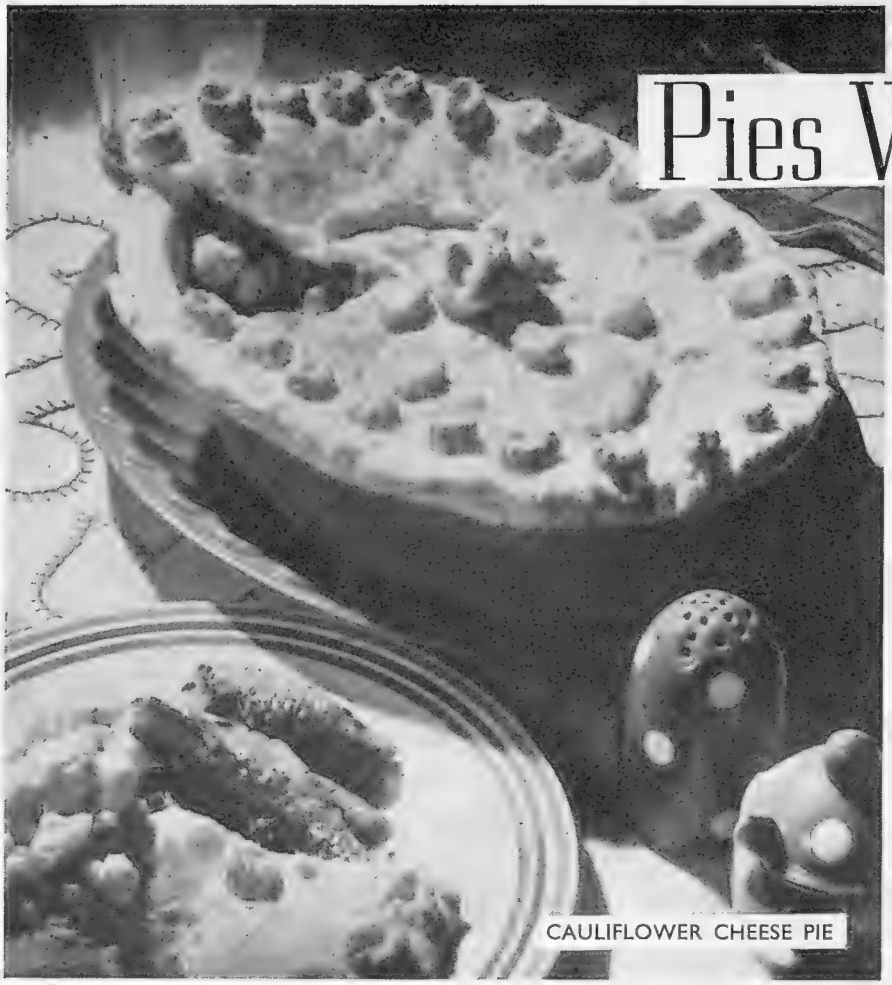
As in the wine-producing countries tea-producing countries also have districts which are renowned for the special distinction of their teas. For example, in the same way as "Château Lafitte" denotes a fine Bordeaux red wine from the Medoc district, so the garden name "Jungpana" denotes a fine, richly-flavoured tea from Darjeeling, six thousand feet up in the Himalayas. Wines can be soft or harsh, sweet or dry, dull or bright in colour—and so can teas. High-grown Ceylon teas give aromatic liquors with a delicate flavour. Assam tea is rich and strong; from the Dooars of India come soft, full-flavoured teas, from Darjeeling teas of a smooth liquor with a unique "muscatel" flavour, while China produces her own peculiarly exotic range from Keemun, with mellow fragrance and clear liquor, Lapsang Souchon, strong and tarry, or Congou, the sweet and fragrant "burgundy" of the black Chinas. Green China teas are clear and light with an indefinable "smokiness" of flavour. These are but a few of the teas that were available to us before the war and which will be more freely available soon.

THERE are no standard rules for judging a good tea. Taste is the only criterion and, when circumstances permit, the co-operation of one's grocer or tea merchant (*Continued on page 70*)



Worcester, pierced handle. Circa 1770

(*Left*) One of the first China teapots, and a rare Yellow Scale Worcester pot of 1770 (*right*)



CAULIFLOWER CHEESE PIE

Pies Without Meat

EGGS, mushrooms, tomatoes and summer vegetables are ingredients which give flavour to a pie and are now coming into season. When the pie is to be the main dish, it is wise to introduce fish, cheese or egg, to take the place of meat in food value. For a light meal an excellent vegetarian pie can be devised if the vegetables are blended with a highly-flavoured sauce. An important point with meatless pie is to make a really good pastry with full measure of fat and allow for a generous covering of crust, or, if the pie is to be covered with potato, cream it with plenty of margarine and milk.

CAULIFLOWER CHEESE PIE

(Other vegetables can be substituted according to season, such as celery, tomatoes, peas, etc.)

Ingredients: 6 oz. short pastry; 1 cooked cauliflower; 1 onion; seasoning; 3 oz. grated cheese; 1 tin sardines; 1 gill white sauce; 1 oz. margarine.

Peel and slice onion. Fry golden in margarine. Remove from pan and toss cauliflower, broken into small sprigs, in the fat. Prepare well-seasoned white sauce and mix in half the cheese. Mix cauliflower with sauce. Spread a layer of onion and sardine at the bottom of pie dish, having removed tails and bone from fish. Cover with cauliflower and sauce; sprinkle on remaining cheese. Cover with good lid of pastry. Decorate

Sweets Without Sugar

THERE are four basic ways of economizing on sugar in cooking. We can cook many things with sweetened condensed milk; cakes, sweets, custards, etc. Secondly, we can make frequent use of sweetened chocolate powder. Thirdly, there is golden syrup which is one of the greatest sugar savers of all. Lastly, one can, of course, concentrate on choosing recipes containing very little sugar. In this case, try to balance the plainness of the ingredients by combining jam, dates or other sweet etceteras. Here is a good suggestion for using dates to sweeten a fritter. Make a ¼ pint of frying batter, add 4 oz. chopped dates, 4 oz. finely chopped apple, 1 oz. chopped nuts and 2 level teaspoonfuls baking powder just before frying.

One small sugar saver is the use of already sweetened cereals for breakfast. There are a number of these obtainable. It also saves sugar if you add a pinch of bicarbonate of soda when stewing acid fruits. This takes out much acidity so that it makes the fruit more digestible as well as less sour. Another excellent way of sweetening cooked fruit is rose-hip syrup which has the merit of containing the valuable vitamin C. This syrup is usually popular with children and should be added to fruit after cooking. Cereals are rendered very tasty by it.

SPONGE DARIOLLES

Ingredients: 1 egg; 2 oz. margarine; 4 oz. flour; ½ tin sweetened condensed milk; vanilla flavouring; cochineal; apricot jam.

Cream margarine, add well-beaten egg and tinned milk. Beat well; add a few drops of vanilla flavouring, mix in the flour; add a few drops of cochineal to colour pale pink, half fill well-greased dariolle tins. Bake in moderate oven about ½ an hour, Regulo 5 or 350° F. Turn out. Scoop out a small hole in the top of each and fill with dabs of apricot jam. Slash top edges in three places for about an inch down and press in thin curved strips of angelica. Keep puddings warm in low oven while decorating. Serve with apricot sauce made by reducing 2 tablespoonfuls apricot jam, heated with 3 dessertspoonfuls water.

CHOCOLATE CUPS

Ingredients: Sponge cake; cupful chopped walnuts; ½ pint custard flavoured with a tablespoonful sweetened chocolate; ½ packet orange jelly; ½ pint water.

Half fill individual glasses with crumbled sponge cake. Make up jelly with water; when near setting, mix in with crumbs; when quite set pour over chocolate custard; sprinkle with finely chopped walnuts.

Now some cakes and biscuits:

JAM COOKIES

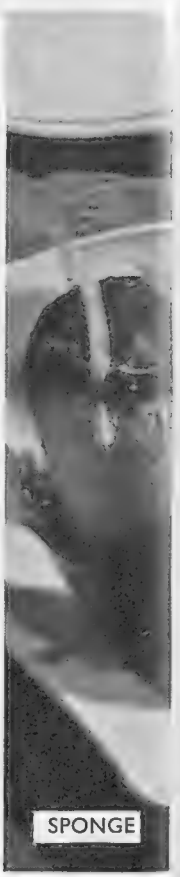
Ingredients: 8 oz. self-raising flour; 3 oz. margarine; 1 egg; 2 tablespoonfuls jam without whole fruit; 4 tablespoonfuls milk.

Rub fat into flour. Mix jam into flour with the milk, beating very thoroughly. Add egg and beat mixture well for a few minutes. Turn into well-greased little cake tins; place a split almond on top of each. Bake in good oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F. about 12 minutes. Best eaten fresh.

PLAIN WALNUT CAKE

Ingredients: 4 oz. margarine; 8 oz. self-raising flour; 1 good teaspoonful baking powder; 2 eggs; 2 oz. chopped walnuts; 1 gill milk, and dessertspoonful of sweetened condensed milk blended.

Cream margarine; add eggs well beaten. Sift baking powder into flour. Beat into mixture, adding milk gradually; mix in nuts. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. about 1½ hours. When cool split in three and fill layers with the following mixture: 2 good dessertspoonfuls sweetened condensed milk. Dessertspoonful coffee essence; ½ cup dates, chopped small and beaten into (*Continued on page* 66)



SPONGE

Meatless fillings for pastry cases makes savoury and substantial meals when the meat ration runs out

with pastry shapes. Bake in good oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F. about 20 minutes.

STUFFED MUSHROOM PIE

Take about 8 large mushrooms. Skin them, remove stalks and cut away some of the soft underside. Fry the mushroom cases in margarine for a few minutes. Chop stalks and scooped out part finely and fry also. Hard boil 2 eggs. Soak 3 oz. breadcrumbs in a glassful of dry sherry and a little milk. Mix in chopped mushroom, a tablespoonful chopped parsley, 1½ oz. suet and season well. Fill mushroom cases with mixture. Prepare a little thick white sauce flavoured with sherry. Chop eggs coarsely and add to sauce. Line pie plate with short crust. Arrange mushrooms on it with egg mixture between. Place a layer of sliced tomatoes on top. Cover with pastry lid and bake in fairly hot oven, Regulo 6 or 375° F. about 40 minutes.

EGG AND SWEET CORN PIE

Ingredients: 1 tin sweet corn; ½ pint thick cheese sauce; 1½ oz. grated cheese; seasoning; brown breadcrumbs; 1 egg per person; 4 oz. mashed potato; cupful green peas.

Line the bottom of a pie dish with mashed potato. Wash and strain sweet corn, mix corn and peas with cheese sauce, season and spread over potato; sprinkle grated cheese on top; cover with brown crumbs, dab with margarine. Heat through in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. about 30 minutes. Poach eggs, place on top of pie and serve with green peas.

FISH AND CUCUMBER PIE

Ingredients: 1 tin salmon; ½ pint cucumber sauce; mashed potato; seasoning; 6 oz. flakey pastry; green peas; tablespoonful finely chopped fennel.

Line sides of a pie dish with thick border of pastry. Cover bottom with a layer of flaked salmon. Make a good white (*Continued on page* 66)

Coffee Making

THERE are many ways of making good coffee, each method claimed by its exponents to produce the perfect brew. The simplest method is to place the coffee in a warmed jug, allowing a tablespoonful for each person, and to pour on boiling water. The coffee is then strained, and reheated if necessary before serving. Some people maintain that the full flavour of the coffee is extracted if the coffee is poured from one jug to another several times before straining and serving. Others say that the coffee should be steeped in cold water for a few hours before required, when it is gradually heated, strained and served.

Some form of percolator is perhaps the safest method of producing a good cup of coffee and so long as sufficient coffee is used (the main fault with English coffee is that not enough is used), the coffee cannot fail to be good. The new Presto electric coffee maker will produce good coffee quickly and easily in three minutes. The coffee maker is in two parts. When the coffee has been made, the lower vessel converts into the handsome coffee server shown in the picture.

DARIOLLES

JAM COOKIES

Cookery By Harriet Muir

There's Nothing New

THE French have a saying, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*, which may be interpreted (rather than translated) as, "The more a thing seems to change, the more it remains the same."

Home life has of course changed notably since the fifteenth century, and many will say that it has deteriorated, but in some ways—in some fundamental ways—it remains the same. Few things illustrate the fact more vividly than do the famous *Paston Letters*, written five hundred years ago by mothers, sweethearts, fathers, sons and daughters. They range from love letters and shopping lists to cold cures and a schoolboy's request for pocket money. They touch, too, graver matters—the invasion of England, and, a matter of current interest, the cost of living.

The Paston letters were written by members of a family of Norfolk squires of that name. For 350 years these letters remained in the family, but a later Paston (the Earl of Yarmouth) sold the collection to an antiquary called Le Neve. In 1787 the letters were published by Sir John Fenn, who handed the originals to King George III. These were lost, but the existing letters from which these extracts are taken were found in 1865.

The *Paston Letters* are unique historical documents of perennial human appeal. They are especially interesting because Clement Paston, who died in 1413, was a peasant, whereas his son, William, became a knight and a landed proprietor in the days when classes were more rigidly defined than now. The letters in short, tell three histories simultaneously, the history of England, the history of a family, and the history of the human heart.

HERE for example is a delightful love letter, a Valentine, written in February, 1476, by young Margaret Brews to her fiancé, John Paston. The message is ageless, the poetry might well leave the modern letter writer aghast!

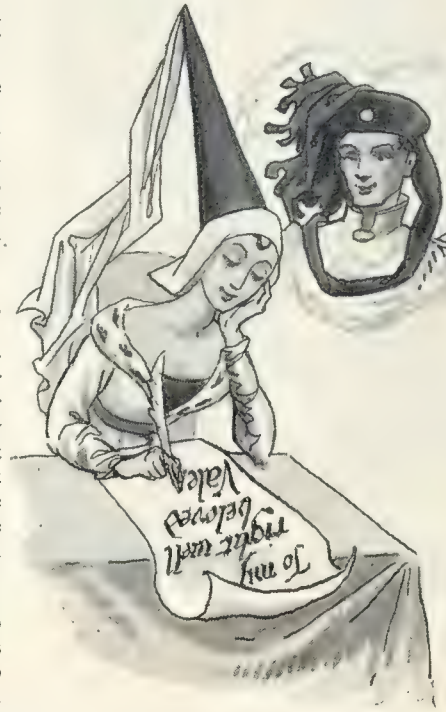
> "Unto my right well-beloved Valentine, John Paston, Esq., be this bill delivered. Right reverend and worshipful and my right well-beloved Valentine, I recommend me unto you, full heartily, desiring to hear of your welfare, which I beseech Almighty God long for to preserve unto his pleasure and your heart's desire. And if it please you to hear of my welfare, I am not in good heele of body nor of heart, nor shall be till I hear from you. If ye love me, as I trust verily that ye do, ye will not leave me therefore; for if that ye had not half the livelihood that ye have, I would not forsake you. No more to you at this time, but the Holy Trinity have you ever in keeping, and I beseech you that this bill be not seen of none earthly creature save yourself. And this letter was indicted at Topcroft with full heavy heart. By your own Margaret Brews."

Among other facts, that charming letter emphasizes the realness of God to the men and women of the Middle Ages, for Margaret Brews was not an especially devout young woman; she was merely echoing the thoughts and language of the time.

BY way of contrast, here is the shopping list of the mother of the family. It is headed "Errands in London of Agnes Paston, the 28th day of January, 1457, the year of King Henry VI. Item, to do make me (get made for me) six spoons of eight ounces of troy weight, well fashioned and double gilt. Item, to pay the Lady Pole 26s. and 8d. for her board." Then comes a request that her son be whipped by his master at Cambridge. "Send me faithfully word by writing how Clement Paston hath done in his endeavour in learning." Next, mother inquires after her son's clothes. "Item, to see how many gowns Clement hath and they that be bare let them be raised, let them have a new nap set upon them. He hath a short green gown. And a short half-velvet gown, were never raised."

In the summer of 1451 another housewife, Margaret Paston, wrote to her "right worshipfull husband" asking for some London medicine. "Also, I pray you heartily that ye will send me a pot with treacle in haste, for I have been right ill at ease and your daughters both, since that ye went hence, and one of the tallest young men of this parish lyeth sick, and hath a great myrr (consumption) how he shall do God knoweth."

A little later the same lady seems to have experienced a shortage of supplies in the shops of Norwich, for she writes to her husband, "I pray you that ye will do buy me two dozen trenchers for I can none get in this (*Continued on page 76*)



Please yourself . . .

Not long ago, many women indulged in perfume only on special occasions or to please the opposite sex. The modern way is to buy it and use it habitually—to please yourself as well as others. Then it becomes as much a part of your individuality as the turn of your head, the tone of your voice or your taste in clothes

Yardley perfumes are cherished by well-groomed women all over the world. Which is for you? Is it "Bond Street," to surround you with a subtle aura of sophistication? Is it light-hearted, exotic "Orchis"? Or could it be the dewy-fresh "April Violets," of whose gay charm you will never tire? No need to wait for a gift when you can enhance your personality this very day

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Holmes Of Baker Street

(*Continued rom page* 15)

prolific in biographies, studies and treatises on the sleuth and his ménage.

Reconstructing Holmes's life, the Holmesologists find—with some conflicting evidence throughout—that he was born about 1853 of a line of country squires, and that he went to either Cambridge or London University, settling in London in 1874. He joined up with Watson in 1881 and was "killed" by Moriarty in 1891.

Returning to London in 1894, he continued sleuthing until about 1903, when he retired, aged fifty or so. He was, of course, rudely recalled from his Sussex bee-keeping by the First World War, in which he rendered great service to his country. Nothing being heard of his death, Holmes is supposedly still in his Downland retreat, just short of 100 years old.

Wrestling with the tangled chronology of Holmes's cases, pious researchers have filled in this bare outline to give a detailed account of the great detective's forty years' career. They have probed, too, his character, examined his habits, noted his attitude to women, assessed him as a musician, vetted his taste in clothes. To pin-point his famous lodgings eminent men have stumped the length of Baker Street, pronouncing after a rigorous house-to-house check that Conan Doyle's No. 221B is really No. 111 (or possibly No. 109).

In America, that land of societies, many bodies are dedicated to the memory of Sherlock Holmes. The Baker Street Irregulars reverently chant an anthem, "The Road to Baker Street," to the tune of "The Road to Mandalay." It ends, admirably but surprisingly, with the line: "Nor shall Axis armies ever tread the stones of Baker Street."

But Holmes is, alas, not everywhere appreciated. Though Holmesologists agree he had no politics, behind the Iron Curtain he seems to be looked on as a sinister secret agent, for Foreign Minister Vishinsky once accused us of sending Sherlock Holmes's to the Balkans. More heinous still, Moscow has charged him with supporting the principle of private property.

To find Sherlock Holmes most truly valued one must turn, after all, to his home ground—to the pages of *The Times*, whose agony columns Holmes himself so often quizzed. During a recent correspondence about the forthcoming Sherlock Holmes Exhibition, that journal printed letters signed, yes, by John Watson, M.D., Mycroft Holmes, Mrs. Hudson and Inspector Lestrade. The legend will not be crowded out, even in a newsprint crisis.

Hansom cabs have long ceased to jingle down Baker Street, and no self-respecting sleuth would be seen dead in a deerstalker to-day; but Sherlock Holmes lives on, honoured like an Elder Statesman. And so he will continue, so long as readers persist, perversely, in finding romance in the unravelling of crime.

END

Double Deal

(*Continued from page* 27)

nephew of whom you remind me considerably. But I have never considered your way out. It's both foolish and final."

"Wouldn't you want it to be final if the police were waiting to arrest you for murder as soon as you landed?" he asked.

Mrs. Bentinck's companion gave a little gasp. But all Mrs. Bentinck said, after a level stare, was that they would probably all feel better for coffee.

It was warmer below. Mrs. Bentinck paid for the coffee. "If you expect to be arrested," she said, "why on earth didn't you stay on the other side of the Channel?"

"I would have done if it hadn't been for the B.B.C. My wife's in a Liverpool hospital. Dangerously ill."

Mrs. Bentinck exhibited no sympathy.

"If you think no more of your wife than to desert her while you lie low in France to save your own skin—for I presume that is what you have been doing—why trouble to return now?"

"We were separated. It's only at times like this——"

"Ah, a deathbed reconciliation!" Mrs. Bentinck was sardonic.

"I thought I might get away with it. Once through the Customs I'd be safe. But as I stood up there watching the sea I realized there isn't a chance. The moment they see the name on the passport I'm finished."

"But getting into the country isn't your only problem, surely? Your name remains the same. Your wife shares it, one imagines. If you are not caught now, you will be later."

"Not necessarily," the man said. "You see, the name on the passport isn't *my* name."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Bentinck's companion. "An imposter! A crook!"

"Be quiet, Miss Skelter!" Mrs. Bentinck seemed slightly shaken, but she quickly recovered herself and glanced round the saloon. "Fortunately we seem to be unobserved and unheard. Would you like to tell me all about it?"

She sat down, dropping half a dozen newspapers, which Miss Skelter efficiently recovered. Mrs. Bentinck was the sort of woman who would expect *The Times* with her morning tea in mid-Sahara—and probably get it.

"Now," she advised firmly. "From the beginning."

"It wouldn't do any good. You wouldn't believe me."

"Probably not. But if you're telling the truth, it will help you, and if you're lying, a rehearsal may be useful before your public performance in the Customs shed. You can speak quite freely to me. My late husband was a barrister and used to discuss all his clients with me. Even the guilty ones. Most of them were guilty, if it comes to that. . . . Now, tell me about the name on the passport."

"It began that afternoon in Tottenham Court Road," the man said painfully. "He came out of Goodge Street."

"Just a minute! What's your name? Your real one?"

"Steven Carr. Ordinary sort of name, isn't it? And I was an ordinary sort of man till I met him."

"Whom?"

"The man who turned out of Goodge Street, Morrell."

STEVEN CARR'S story began incoherently, but Mrs. Bentinck did not interrupt. She gathered that Steven Carr's luck had been consistently bad. He had a business of his own, which his wife had managed during the war while he was overseas. Steven Carr had unreasonably resented his wife's success and taken over the reins himself. And run everything on the rocks.

Then to make matters worse, an aunt of his wife's had died and left her a nice little bit in trust. Enough to bring in a few pounds a week.

"That finished things," Steven Carr said. "I wasn't going to live on her private income. I'd more pride than that. We weren't on good terms even before then, understand. But that was the last straw. I baled out with the few pounds I had left."

It would not have been difficult, he explained to Mrs. Bentinck, to get a job in London. But he wanted a lot of money in a hurry. He wanted to impress his wife. So he sank what little he had in this and that, sometimes sailing pretty close into the wind. And when he was down to his last shilling or two, he met Morrell.

"I'd had nothing to eat that morning. Light-headed, I suppose . . . I thought I must be looking at my own reflection in a shop window. He was as near my double as any man could be. We stared at each other for a minute, then I started to walk on. But he called after me and told me to wait.

"He caught up with me, and began talking a lot of nonsense about (*Continued on page* 56)

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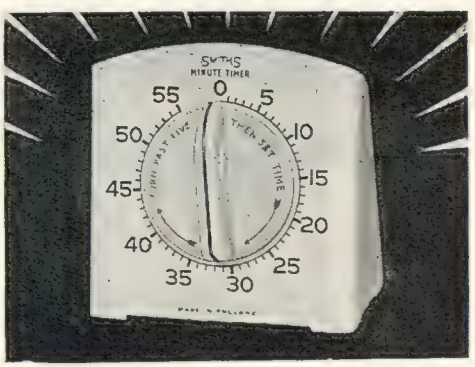

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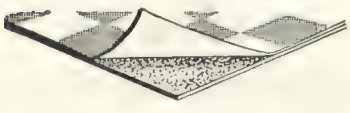

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Fate, and it being a sin for one man to be walking the streets well-fed and another at the end of his tether. Brotherhood of man, and all that. It didn't mean anything to me. But then he asked if I could do with a meal, and that did mean something.

"It was a hot afternoon, but I vanished a grilled steak and everything that goes with it. Then he bought a packet of cigarettes and gave me one and told me to put the rest in my pocket. All the time he was talking, asking questions. He got everything out of me. About being at a loose end and down to my last cent. Then he asked me straight out if I could do with twenty pounds."

Mrs. Bentinck clicked her tongue. "A most suspicious opening! Let that be a lesson to you, Miss Skelter. Never talk to strangers, unless there's someone else present."

Carr smiled for the first time. There were red spots in his cheeks, Mrs. Bentinck noticed, and he was nervously clenching and opening his hands.

"I had the sense to ask if it was honest," he went on. "He said it was legal, which meant the same thing to any but the most fastidious mind. All he wanted me to do was take a suitcase to a certain port, which he would name later, and act as if I was taking the night boat to Antwerp or wherever it was. Then at the last minute I was to turn back and report to him in London next morning. He had an urgent reason for wanting certain people to believe he was leaving the country that night.

"I asked who they were, and he said it tied up with his wife. I wasn't to get within speaking distance of anyone who seemed interested in me, but I should be watched, he said."

"You must have been a fool," Mrs. Bentinck remarked, "to believe a story like that."

"I know. When I look back, it seems the thinnest tale I ever heard. But it wasn't, the way he told it. I swallowed it all, hook, line, reel and rod. The twenty pounds did the trick, of course. . . . It meant meals for a few days, a new pair of shoes. Another starting-point.

"I told him I was game. He said I was to stay there in the café while he fetched the suitcase he had mentioned. He wasn't more than twenty minutes away. He gave me the bag and a light raincoat to make the picture complete. And as we left the café he put twenty pounds in singles into my hand. There was an envelope folded among the notes. He said there were rail and steamer tickets in it——"

"Why?" asked Mrs. Bentinck sharply. "Why steamer tickets if you were only to mix with the crowd and then return to London?"

"That's what I asked. He told me that if I felt I was being closely watched and couldn't slip back without giving the game away, I was to cross by the night boat and come back next morning."

"Weaker and weaker!" was Mrs. Bentinck's acid comment.

"That's what I was thinking on the train. I suppose you'd say my critical faculties were waking up. I knew I was being fooled, but I didn't much care. All I cared about was the hard cash. And I'd done nothing wrong. No one could prove I had.

"Still, I didn't feel so good about it. I'd thought of something that hasn't even occurred to you. How could I use the steamer ticket without a passport? Probably he hadn't thought of that. Or perhaps he had, and wasn't willing to lend me his own."

HE went on to say that he took a seat in the dining-car. He felt curious about what might be inside the suitcase. But a dining-car is no place to inspect one's baggage, so he asked the steward to bring him a drink, and afterwards settled down to snooze.

It wasn't till half an hour later that he saw the headlines in the newspaper which the man opposite was reading. They made him jump. But he couldn't snatch the paper. He had to wait till the man put it down, then ask if he might glance at it.

The headlines were about a big robbery early that morning at Fraynes, the Bond Street jewellers.

"Not far from where you met your unknown benefactor," commented Mrs. Bentinck.

"That's what I thought. They'd got away with a fortune in diamonds and a few hundreds in loose cash. Also, they'd killed a policeman who'd spotted them leaving. Two men were mixed up in it, and an early arrest. . . . You know the line.

"When the steward had cleared the table, I sneaked the suitcase from the rack. I had a bunch of keys in my pocket and one of them fitted the locks. The suitcase was full of neatly-folded shirts and handkerchiefs and pyjamas, which might be just part of the build-up in case I had to cross the water. But there was room left for three other things. A bundle of notes—nearly a thousand, I found out later when I had time to count them. A passport made out in the name of Joseph Charles Morrell. And a revolver, a .38 Enfield."

Mrs. Bentinck drained her coffee and suggested that Miss Skelter might bring three more cups.

"Let us see," she said, "if my faculties are still as unimpaired as I like to think. Two men were concerned in the robbery. One of them, obviously, was Morrell, the man you met. A very clever man, Mr. Carr. He would suspect that the police would be watching the ports. They would detain a man bearing a strong resemblance to Morrell and travelling with his passport. In that man's suitcase they would find the revolver that had killed the policeman, and notes identifiable as having been stolen from the jewellers. They would assume, naturally, that you had safely hidden the diamonds and were taking the cash with you to meet your needs until the hue and cry died down."

"There's nothing wrong with your faculties," said Carr grimly. "That's how it struck me. And while I was explaining things—if they weren't past explaining—Morrell would have time to make a clean get-away. You've got the picture in focus just like I had. But it didn't work out like that."

MISS SKELTER returned with the coffee, glancing warily at Carr. She was probably afraid of him, but no more so than she had been of Mrs. Bentinck for the past ten years.

"First thing," Carr said, "I had to get rid of that suitcase and what was in it. Then I had to catch the next train back and forget what had happened.

"But I'd tipped that damned steward too well. Just before the train stopped, he came prancing down the aisle with the suitcase I'd left behind, and I not only had to take it off the train with me, but tip the fellow again.

"There wasn't another chance to lose it. I got pushed along with the crowd. If I'd been trying to wangle an extra ten pounds out of the country for a Swiss holiday I should have been spotted. But just because I had a gun and stolen money and a false passport, nobody worried me. The best thing now, I figured, was to take the trip after all and dump the case into the Channel. And as I was thinking that, I saw a man winking at me.

"I didn't wink back. He jerked his head away from the boat. When I didn't take the hint he came over and spoke to me out of the corner of his mouth. He asked if I'd got it, and I said got what?

"I was feeling queasy by that time. I could see Morrell's plan whole. He was using me as a bait for the police, but that wasn't all of it. Another use I had was to double-cross his own partner. The minute he opened his mouth, I knew he was one of the two men the paper had mentioned, just as Morrell was the other.

"'You're smart,' he said. 'You're smart as they make 'em, Joe. Lying snug in that little hide-out of yours while I led the paper chase across half the blasted country. It wasn't all honey, let me tell you.'.

"I said, trying to make my voice thick like Morrell's, that I hadn't supposed it was. And he went on to tell me that he had made for Bedford, leaving a (*Continued on page 58*)

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trail any fool could follow, then doubled across to Cambridge and caught a long-distance bus. I nodded, and he suggested we'd better be going. I had an idea something was going to happen pretty quickly, and I wasn't far wrong. I could hear my teeth chattering, whether he could or not. Then I tripped over something, and lit a cigarette to steady my nerves, and he stopped in his tracks and asked how long I'd been smoking. I realized the mistake I'd made. In the café, Morrell had bought a fresh packet of cigarettes and handed them all to me. I tried to laugh, but it didn't quite come off.

"You know what it is, crossing by the night boat. All around the gangway there were lights, but not many yards away there were patches of shadow dark as pitch. It was starting to rain, too—big drops of thunder rain.

"I could hear water lapping at the foot of the wall. I could feel his eyes on me. He was a lot bigger than I am. His hand shot out and he grabbed the suitcase. I hadn't troubled to lock it again, and he jerked it open. There must have been something about that bag. I saw him run his fingers along the inner angle of the lid. There wasn't anything I could do but wait. He didn't say a word till he'd checked whatever he meant to check, then he looked at me over the bag and said: 'You blasted thief!'

"I remember thinking how funny that sounded, coming from one crook to another. He said it again, and grabbed at my collar. I knew what he was going to do. He'd got it all wrong, of course, just as Morrell intended he should. Even if I *had* been Morrell, he was still doing the wrong thing. His next move should have been to find out from Morrell where the diamonds were. But he'd been double-crossed, and he was seeing red. He was pushing me nearer the edge. I could still hear that lapping water. I was going down there. *And I couldn't swim.*"

CARR'S voice was trembling and there was sweat on his forehead. Mrs. Bentinck glanced round again to see if they were attracting unwelcome attention. But it was not a night for undue interest in other people's affairs.

"I snatched into the bag," Carr said. "I never knew till then how quickly a gun slips into your fingers and goes off. Next second, he wasn't there. I was staring after him, wondering if he was dead when he hit the water, if anybody had heard the gun go off. Then I threw it after him, picked up the bag, and started to run.

"I ran to the end of the sheds and doubled back. There wasn't any crowd. There wasn't even a policeman. I took a grip on what was left of my nerves and marched up the gangway. After all, there was a ticket in my pocket, and it looked as if that passport might be of some use after all.

"I could tell you a lot more if there was time. I could keep on for hours, telling you the way I stuffed that money into my shirt and my pants and got it off the boat. I could tell you how I changed those notes here and there, and slipped across the frontier into France, and fetched up in Normandy, where I've had one or two good friends since '45. It wouldn't interest you. I was snug enough till this happened, and I wouldn't have minded staying there the rest of my life. But my wife. . . . Well, she's still my wife, and she's asking for me. I thought I'd take a hundred to one chance. But it won't come off. They'll be waiting for me. You see if they're not."

MRS. BENTINCK looked severely at Miss Skelter.

"What do you think of that?" she asked.

"I'm sure I don't know what to think, Mrs. Bentinck."

"You should. You're like Mr. Carr. You've been running away from life ever since you were born. You'd run away from me if you had the pluck." She turned to Carr. "You're in a pretty mess, young man. Now you have to return, you've no choice but to use Morrell's passport. And that, of course, stamps you as Morrell, with the murder of the policeman chalked up against you. And if you convince them you're not Morrell, but Carr travelling with Morrell's passport, you convict yourself of Dyson's murder!"

"I know what you're thinking," Carr said bitterly. "I'm a weakling. No guts. Hiding for months. Afraid to come back. Afraid even to look at the papers. But if you'd murdered a man. . . ."

"But did you?" asked Mrs. Bentinck. "Surely, you were not Carr that night. Morrell had taken possession of your identity. Can we not argue from that premise that it was Morrell's crime?"

She leaned back her head and closed her eyes.

"As I see it," she said, "your crime has been in running away. From your failure in business, from your more fortunate wife, and almost, to-night, from life itself. You can't keep on doing that, Mr. Carr. And it was most foolish of you not to read the papers."

She opened her eyes and glanced at the pile on Miss Skelter's lap. "I, Mr. Carr, am an avid reader of newspapers. That is why I know even more about Morrell than you have just told me." She poked at his knee with a bony finger. "Did you know, for instance, that forty-eight hours after you left the country so foolishly, he was arrested?"

Carr slumped towards her. She thought for a moment he was going to faint.

"For the murder of the policeman, you mean?" he asked hoarsely.

"Oddly enough, no. The police were sure that Morrell was guilty, but there was no proof. He was arrested for the murder of his accomplice—a man named Dyson, by the way. Dyson was found in the dock with a bullet in his head. When Morrell's revolver was recovered, it was found that two chambers had been discharged. And the bullets that had killed Dyson and the policeman were available for comparison with the barrel of the weapon."

Carr got unsteadily to his feet, hunching his shoulders as though easing away a great load.

"Will you——do you think we might all have a drink?" he suggested. "Something a little stronger than coffee?"

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Carr, but I think not, at this juncture. . . . Shall we review the position in the light of our joint knowledge? Your friend Morrell had arranged to meet his accomplice at the docks. Seeing you, with your remarkable resemblance to himself, suggested a most diabolical alternative. He sent you in his place.

"He expected that Dyson would meet you and that his suspicions would be aroused. Dyson, he thought, would attempt to satisfy himself that the stolen diamonds were actually in your possession, and would probably kill you when he found they were not. If that had happened, Morrell would have quietly discarded his own identity and been safe from Dyson's vengeance, for Dyson would have believed him dead."

Mrs. Bentinck paused dramatically. "But unfortunately for Morrell, instead of Dyson killing you he was killed by you. And so the very details that Morrell had planned for his own safety proved to be his downfall.

"When Morrell's revolver was found and he was arrested, he tried to prove he had never left London that night. But the ticket-inspector swore that he had passed through the barrier and walked towards the train. The dining-car steward testified that he had served Morrell with a drink, and had afterwards followed him down the car with a suitcase he had left under the table."

"My God!" said Carr. "If I'd known all this before!"

"You should read your papers. There were certain puzzling features, of course. There was mention of a raincoat Morrell had been carrying, but no trace of it could be found. The suitcase had also vanished."

"They went with me," Carr said.

"So Morrell tried to explain," said Mrs. Bentinck dryly. "But who, Mr. Carr, would believe a fantastic (*Continued on page 60*)

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story of a chance meeting in Tottenham Court Road?"

"And what . . ." Carr moistened his lips. "What happened to Morrell?"

"Morrell," said Mrs. Bentinck, "is no longer with us. There is a certain poetic satisfaction, I think, in the fact that although he avoided arrest for the murder of the policeman, whom he did kill, he was convicted of the murder of Dyson, whom he didn't."

There was a long silence.

"So when we reach England," she went on, "march ashore like a royal duke. At your earliest convenience, tear up your passport—or Morrell's passport—into small pieces and burn it. You're a very lucky man, Mr. Carr. So lucky that you will probably find, when you reach Liverpool, that your wife has taken a turn for the better. I *do* hope so. . . ."

She smiled austerely. "And now, perhaps we *could* have a drink. Martinis, I think."

LATER, they shook hands with him and watched him walk away. A man does not recover from six months' coma in a few minutes. Nevertheless, his shoulders were squarer and his head higher than for a long time past.

"And to think," said Miss Skelter, "that you knew all about it!"

"Don't be a fool!" said Mrs. Bentinck absently. "I never heard the name Morrell before."

"But—but you said it was all in the papers!"

"If so, I never read it." Mrs. Bentinck secured her flat hat against the outward storm. "The point is, girl, that Carr was a spiritual wreck until an hour ago. With that hangdog air, he would have been arrested on suspicion of something as soon as he stepped off the gangway. Now, he's a man again. He's stopped running away. I think it highly probable that he will never be challenged or even given a second glance."

She steadied herself and made for the deck. "But if he's unlucky, I have a nevvew (she pronounced it like that), "who's just taken silk, and such a case would be the making of him."

END

Towards A Vegetarian Britain?

(*Continued from page 16*)

us that India is the leading vegetarian State. Not for nothing could a Gandhi intone with a Shelley:

"Never again may blood of bird or beast
Stain with his venomous stream a human feast."

Incidentally, Russia is the next most vegetarian of the big ones. If you noticed Stalin's recent reduction of prices, you saw that meat figured nowhere—a mere reference to "beef ten per cent reduction." The accent was all on such vegetarian staples as bread, flour, cereals, macaroni, cheese, milk and eggs. It would be easy to try to score off the vegetarians by continuing: "You see? After Hitler and Mussolini, Stalin!" But that wouldn't be getting one anywhere, since there is no evidence that vegetarianism extends to the Politburo, quite the contrary, judging by marathon Kremlin banquets; while Mussolini long had a chronic stomach disorder.

About Hitler, it is slightly different. Let those who may, accept the version that his vegetarianism sprang from a disgust at animal slaughter for the table. Other stories say that it derived from having a bulging figure, and from a determination to keep an excitable brain as icily detached as possible. Like so many vegetarians, he took it out on cream cakes and chocolates, which can be more disquieting to some people than the most carnivorous habits.

A green-letter day in vegetarian annals was the Vegetarian Inaugural Banquet presided over by Louis XVIII of France. This was the absurdly obese monarch who, on his return after Waterloo, inspired the saying "The Bourbons have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing." Yet Louis did learn something during long years of exile in over-eating in Georgian England. He learnt that such vast meat eating was not for him. Hence his going nap on veg on his return to France.

About thirty years later—in 1847—the Vegetarian Society was started in London, and from then on vegetarianism may be said to have remained with us, as a side dish. As a small boy, I used to be taken by Miss Ella d'Arcy, one of the Yellow Book writers, to the then new Eustace Miles Restaurant. This handsome athlete had contrived to get more than the bourgeoisie interested, and for a while vegetarianism had quite a vogue as an offset to Edwardian over-indulgence.

To-day it may be having more than a transient vogue. Vegetarianism may spread under the necessity of earmarking much of such meat as the nation comes by for the Services, and for heavy and rearming industries. It may spread from a craze among women, for slimming, and from an anxiety among men to avoid stomach ulcers. It may spread from cannily disguised design—from a conjunction of circumstances already noted, topped by the spiritual appeal in "austerity" for so many, and by hardes price competition in the meat markets of the world.

Yet don't run away with the idea that a vegetarian Britain no longer having to foot large bills for meat imports, would necessarily mean a richer or an economically sounder Britain. Militant vegetarians, who can be no shrinking violets, will tell you so. They'll tell you, too, that deficiency of disease, and much increased general illness, or lowering of resistance to it, should be attributed to excessive drug-taking, and to contaminated and treated foodstuffs, rather than to a lack of proteins—oblivious of the fact that there would be less drug-taking and eating out of tins if people had access to the meat they crave.

In their lore, one comes across the Four Just Reasons for vegetarianism. These are:

HEALTH. Meat eating promotes uric acid, is tissue destroying, and causes gout and cancer. It also stimulates the craving for alcohol and by so doing sends up doctors' bills.

PERSONAL EXPENDITURE. Assimilable nutriment from a given weight of selected fruit, nut and vegetable food, will cost less than the same nutriment obtained from flesh foods.

NATIONAL ECONOMY. An acre of land under fruit and vegetable cultivation will produce from two to twenty times as much food as if the same land were utilized for feeding cattle.

RACIAL IMPROVEMENT. Yeomen demand such high wages, compared with cattle-breeders and feeders, that the country population stands to be increased.

More could be added in like vein.

One or two things do require to be said to vegetarians who never tire of telling others how their régime suits them. It *may* suit certain temperaments and physical structures. But it's a long way from that to admitting some of the claims that are made.

Take health and body-building. Why are miners given extra meat? Why do star tennis players (women) bring 40 lb. of steak from America? Why is there more rheumatism now, when meat is so scarce, than ever before? Is it denied that the partial substitution of sweets for meat doesn't further impair already indifferent teeth, thereby adding to stomach and blood troubles?

A stronger challenge can be made with regard to the claim that vegetarianism saves money. Vegetarian authors who are honest about it, admit that you must have money because a vegetarian diet must be first-class, or it doesn't justify itself materially. "All those who have enough money to have a diet of proper amount could, with care and intelligence, have one of first-class quality, too," writes P. Weaver, (*Continued on page 62*)

SURPRISE FOR LONDON FASHION MODEL

Her "faded" blue blouse regained its original colour!

SHEENA KERR, the London model, is a Dreft fan. "When my blue blouse lost its colour," she says, "I sighed about it to another model. 'Your blouse isn't faded — just dulled by ordinary washing,' my friend said. 'It's *pining* for Dreft!' So I washed it in Dreft and the colour came back *fresh as new!*

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I discovered Dreft is safest of all. "I'm thrilled to bits with Dreft," says Sheena. "It's simply wonderful to find something *really safe* for washing one's own silks and woollies." Yes! Dreft is safest of all. In fact recent tests have proved that Dreft is safer for coloured woollens than even the finest soap flakes.

Fashion News in woollies. "High-necked sweaters and off-the-shoulder jumpers are very fashionable just now," says Sheena. "And to keep woollies really soft, wash them in Dreft. It's far better for *all* the family's woollens — socks, pullovers, vests, and so on."

"When I'm at home," says Sheena, "I like to wear something smart but simple—for instance, my blue blouse which Dreft restored to its original colour."

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author of *Is Meat Nice?* Elsewhere I observe that "a balanced vegetarian diet is very dear now." Both these admissions were made long before the present cost of vegetables and fruit.

"In the last four days I have eaten better-cooked vegetables than in the whole course of my life," quoth Sir S. Cripps when on a visit to Rome two years ago. They were also dirt cheap, compared with prices in Britain, while having a lack of dirt clinging to them in the purchasable state.

The core of vegetarians in more normal times seems to have been around 40,000. At any rate, 42,000 were registered in November, 1945. Now the total is 130,000. Not many, you will say, in a nation of nearly fifty millions? No, but a Gallup Poll throws another light on the move away from a scrap

Towards A Vegetarian Britain?

of old ewe. This tried and trusted test shows that one in five men and women in the United Kingdom would give up their meat ration altogether if they could exchange it for some other rationed food, and that the favourites among the latter are—butter, cheese, bacon, eggs, fats, in that order.

As sixteen per cent, or three-quarters of those prepared to throw over meat said they were ready to swop the latter for cheese and fats, which they can do any day by registering as vegetarians, it is a fair assumption that current meat practises are, in effect, weaning a growing number of Britons from meat eating—whether or not that be the intent of some influential people.

END

Highlights Of All Britain Festival

(Continued from page 25)

heard of it? Outside its 360 inhabitants on their 1,000 acres, few people had. Trowell village is five miles west of Nottingham, elevated by sudden publicity, not for conventional beauty, but because it is staging a show that is an example to all communities.

Though small, it has a history: was first mentioned in 802: its motto is "Independence and Self-help": and since the war has raised £2,000 to help itself. Its Festival programme includes a permanent new play park for children, sports contests, a cricket match, garden show and garden competition, tree-planting schemes, a special church service, floodlighting, concert party and an historical exhibition.

Only 360 inhabitants—with the Festival spirit!

Taking care of four major inland cities comes the complex Land-travelling Exhibition. One hundred lorries humping more than 5,000 exhibits visit Manchester (May 4-26), Leeds (June 23-July 14), Birmingham (August 4-25), and Nottingham (Sept. 15-Oct. 6).

This is the biggest transportable covered exhibition ever staged anywhere in the world. Exhibits range from a full-scale seven-ton replica of the original Rocket locomotive, complete railway carriages, gas turbine engines, down to modern designed thimbles, pins and needles. Here is a show *complete in itself* to tell the story of the British people, how we live and work, how we play, and what are our chief achievements in science, industry and the arts.

At the same time, an even more intriguing exhibition calls at ten coastal towns: Southampton, Dundee, Newcastle, Hull, Plymouth, Bristol, Cardiff, Belfast, Birkenhead and Glasgow. This will be a double delight, for the floating festival is staged aboard H.M.S. *Campania*, a converted aircraft carrier lent by the Admiralty, which now gleams with white paint. During Festival duty she is a sparkling spectacle under night-time floodlights with the bright blaze of the Festival symbol shining amidships.

Campania carries an arrangement of exhibits comparable to those of the South Bank, plus a pleasing emphasis on the maritime story of Britain's contribution to the world in discovery by sea, marine biology, and the shape of ships past and to come. On her flight deck are the best of British-built motorboats, yachts and other small craft.

But let's break away from centrally-designed shows. The city of Coventry is an interesting case in point of 1951 progress in the provinces. A few months ago Festival interest was *nil*. The only item arranged was the traditional Lady Godiva procession and carnival for June 23 which, as you may know, has been held for the past two hundred years. Hardly a 1951 notion? To-day, Coventry, possibly piqued by the announced ambitions of lesser places, has a Festival of Britain programme far too long to quote here. It covers more than twenty specially staged ceremonies from historical and industrial processions to male choirs and mystery plays in the cathedral!

Over to Scotland—where at Edinburgh, a colourful kaleidoscope of tartan-clad clansmen from all parts of the world stage a great rally—*their first since 1745!*—at the Gathering of the Clans from August 16-19. To the heart-shattering skirl of pipes and pibrochs they'll parade from Princes Street to Murrayfield on the 19th for a unique Highland Gathering.

That day, too, opens Edinburgh's Fifth Festival of Music and Drama (August 19-Sept. 8), headed by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under Bruno Walter and Dimitri Mitripoulos: soloists, Dame Myra Hess, Zino Francescatti, Rudolf Serkin and Solomon. Other outstanding attractions are Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Hallé, Sadler's Wells Ballet, and Glyndebourne Opera, with Fritz Busch and Carl Ebert.

Glasgow, industrial in tradition, offers as its Festival feature an Exhibition of Industrial Power at the Kelvin Hall from May 28-August 28. The potential power of coal and water are brought dramatically to life with a massive cliff of coal and a tremendous waterfall thundering down 20,000 gallons a minute! There's as much here for the housewife out for the day as for the highbrow technical expert—with promise of spectacular fireworks in man-made lightning flashes.

His Majesty the King is lending valuable objects to Brighton's Regency Festival, July 16-August 25. This promises a page of pageantry from the days when Prinny held court at that onion-roofed Royal Pavilion. We shall see, and may take part in, such period-dress revivals as a Regency cricket match, a ball, a new play of the period—as well as a long list of modern amusements and entertainments.

At Camberley, on July 4, we can visit the renowned Sandhurst Military Academy—rarely open to the public—as well as witnessing the students' physical prowess.

Fond of Dickens? Then come to Rochester, Kent, during the week June 16-23, when the Dickens' Festival Pageant brings to life many of the books and characters we know better than our own friends. Or if you're off to Cornwall for the holidays, make a call at St. Austell, where the white wonder of china clay—the local industry—makes a startling show in its manifold uses. The small parish of Croston, near Preston, Lancs, has its own historical pageant on May 26, with the Bishop of Blackburn present. From June 4-10 you will be welcome at the tiny village of Thetford, Norfolk, where the local people present their Thomas Paine festival.

You may prefer music and drama at Colchester in the first fortnight of July, including a new play, *The Emperor Constantine*, by Miss Dorothy L. Sayers. Also the B.B.C. Singers under Leslie Woodgate, the Bancroft and Loughton Choir, and other musical concerts and exhibitions of local origin.

Yes, take them large or small, north or south, this Festival of Britain means *All Britain*. And these mentioned above are but a hundredth. Make the journey to London's South Bank, Pleasure Garden and Poplar Building Centre—but go also east and west. For this Festival Year the best of Britain lies all about us!

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Morocco Bound

(*Continued from page 28*)

how many jobs would be coming vacant and available to the natives. They gave me a figure. Say, for argument's sake, it was one hundred. 'All right,' I would say, 'then one hundred students—no more—will graduate from the universities'!"

Travelling in Morocco you will be impressed by the wonderful roads the French made; you will admire the excellent hotels and the tourist amenities, but most of all you will be impressed by the cleverness with which the French have withheld all interference with native life and customs.

Take Fez as a fair example. You will find yourself in a small but modern French city. Then you will walk or drive along a wide boulevard to the other Fez, the Fez that has stood centuries behind its apricot coloured walls. Enter and you will find the *souks*, the bazaars, alive and thriving. For a moment you may think yourself in the native section of some exhibition, but this is real. Vehicles cannot enter; you have to go on foot or ride a donkey. And if you spend but a day in Fez you will be well rewarded.

When the Americans went to fight in North Africa many went as tourists to Morocco and, as Americans sometimes do, they did not withhold their criticism; in some cases they said they could do very much better. A smaller number, but enough to matter, made up their minds they would do better.

Instead of doing as other foreigners (there are roughly a quarter of a million in Morocco) did, these Americans claimed, under some very old and vague law, special rights that the French denied. There has been much bitterness and the matter has now been tossed into the International Court at The Hague. The French are confident they will win. So are the Americans.

Perhaps little would have been heard of this Franco-American scuffle had there not been rumours of a third world war. Probably there is no commodity in the world so sensitive as money, and I daresay French money is the most sensitive of all. Latterly wealthy Frenchmen have been looking for somewhere safe to place their funds. Somebody suggested Morocco and the word spread like a prairie fire. You found advertisements in the French newspapers, advertisements offering land, shops, factories and blocks of flats and villas. An hotel close to the Paris Opera House became the Mecca for gentlemen from Morocco looking for clients. Then from out of the blue Moroccan sky a thunderbolt fell. A Casablanca newspaper was allowed to publish its statement that before accompanying French Premier René Pleven to Washington, General Juin, Resident General in Morocco and recently appointed Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies, told the Sultan of Morocco, Mohammed Sidi ben Youssef, that unless he mended his ways he would be forced to abdicate!

Frenchmen rubbed their eyes and instinctively thought of that investment they had made or were thinking of making. *Mon Dieu*, had not the Sultan and his Heir Apparent but recently been festively fêted in Paris? Then, it was said he had come to discuss some administrative reforms, but nobody had mentioned any potential turmoil. But behind the scenes the Morocco kettle had been boiling.

First, however, let us see why there *was* a squabble between Rabat—the governmental centre of Morocco—and Paris.

I have it on the best authority that the Sultan and French Government were in perfect agreement of the form the changes were to take; the changes referred to the questions of education and trade unions only, but the French wanted the Joint Committee to meet in Morocco; in early spring it is always very pleasant in Morocco, but the Sultan's entourage wanted the meeting to be held in Paris. Moneyed Moors always like Paris; seats in the front stalls of the *Folies Bergère* never come amiss. This was quite a storm in a teacup, however, and obviously not a matter to lead up to abdication. One would have to look further for that.

The really serious matter about which General Juin took the Sultan to task was his alleged friendly relations with the Istiqlal, the Nationalist association. It should be here explained that there are two distinct Nationalist movements in Morocco, both dangerous to the French, and one of them of danger to the world.

Istiqlal is a real Nationalist movement, a sub-section of the Pan-Arab Movement; it may be described in a slogan: "Morocco for the Moors." Its unhidden aim is to drive the French out. Nothing would have leaked out about the Sultan's friendliness towards Istiqlal had it not been for the Pasha of Marrakesh (Marrakesh is one of the provincial capitals). The Pasha refused to attend the New Year's festivities at the Sultan's palace and let it be known the reason for his absence was his disapproval of the Sultan's attitude towards Istiqlal, whose members had used threats and other means of intimidation to prevent native citizens attending General Juin's New Year reception at the Residency.

The Pasha of Marrakesh appears to have the full support of the tribal leaders in the conservative south, where Morocco marches with the Sahara Desert. It is understood that the Pasha not only has the support of twenty-seven of the thirty Marrakesh tribes, but also the support of the tribes in the Fez region, who have taken the unusual step of sending a petition direct to the Sultan asking him to abstain from supporting Istiqlal. It might seem, judging by these facts, that General Juin had strong support among a powerful section of the Sultan's subjects. I think he has, but unfortunately there is also an underground Nationalist movement which is a fake and follows the same pattern the Communists have used and are using in various parts of Asia; using Nationalism as a stalking horse.

This subversive movement goes back to the Nazi régime when *Mein Kampf* was translated into Arabic and distributed gratuitously among the Arabs in French North Africa. Its object was to stir up an anti-Semitic movement and it succeeded mighty (*Continued on page 66*)

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well. A minority of Jews in North Africa are shopkeepers and land-owners. The Nazis told the Arabs the Jews were exploiting them. Riots began with the war and continued right through the war and reached a climax at the end of the war.

Advantage was taken of the very great poverty there is—as well as riches—in Morocco, but in Morocco as in other colonial countries the Jews were no longer the target; the Communists who had replaced the Nazis now took up Nationalism and said: "The French are your enemies. Put them out!"

A favourite Communist talking point is that Europe is "selling out to American Imperialism." Impetus to this line of propaganda in Morocco has been given by the recent French decision to grant bases in Morocco to the United States. A strong force of 17,000 men has arrived in Morocco to enlarge some of the existing airfields in Morocco and to build new ones. There is no secret about it; it has been published in all the French newspapers. The Americans are to have seven airbases in Morocco; it is part of the plan for Mediterranean defence, but to the second group of Moorish "Nationalists" this news was a gift. Therefore General Juin has a hard task to master before he leaves his post in Morocco to take up an important post under General Eisenhower.

General Juin much resembles General MacArthur in his temperamental make-up; he does not mince words and speaks his mind, but although I have no doubt whatsoever that he will checkmate the Sultan, it is a pity that this really strong man of France will not be at the Residency to cope with the much more dangerous movement.

The Sultan is a puppet of France; all the Sultans have been so. Quite often the French Government passes over the Heir Apparent and appoints a nephew to succeed to the Throne. If the present Sultan abdicates, he will have to leave the country and live in exile on a goodly pension, but all his pomp and circumstance will be at an end. The Sultan is not in danger from the French, but from those other "Nationalists" now underground. The Istiqlal at least works in the open.

So the *muezzins* climb the minarets at sunset and call the Faithful to prayer; the *souks* hum with activity, the hotels do an active tourist trade, but over in Paris Jacques Bonhomme twigs his nose and ponders.

Is it safe to have your francs bound in Morocco?

END

Pies Without Meat

(*Continued from page* 51)

sauce, well seasoned and flavoured with diced, cooked cucumber, using liquor from cucumber, and milk; mix in fennel. Cover fish with peas and pour over sauce. Make a border on top with mashed potato and large pastry rose centre. Bake in good oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F. about half an hour. Decorate border with thin rounds of cucumber with the skin on.

CURRIED VEGETABLE PIE

Prepare a vegetable curry, introducing as good a variety of cooked vegetables as possible such as peas, beans, diced potato and carrots, cauliflower sprigs, haricot beans, etc., and 1 sliced fried onion. Add chopped apple, a few sultanas, a dessertspoonful of chutney and a tablespoonful of desiccated coconut. Make a curry sauce with 2 oz. flour, ½ pint stock and a small dessertspoonful curry powder. Boil about 2 oz. rice, strain and dry. Mix all together and season.

Put into a pie dish and either cover with mashed potato, dabbed with margarine or with a lid of pastry decorated with pastry shapes.

END

Sweets Without Sugar

(*Continued from page* 50)

mixture till it forms thick, creamy spread. Add more dates or a few chopped walnuts if needed.

SHORTBREAD SANDWICH BISCUITS

Ingredients: 8 oz. flour; 4 oz. margarine; 1 oz. sugar; about a tablespoonful milk; dessertspoonful sweetened condensed milk.

Melt margarine slightly, mix in sugar, condensed milk and flour. Work in just enough milk to make a firm mixture that will roll out. Stamp out small rounds. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. for 15–20 minutes. Decorate. For the filling, cream 1 oz. of margarine with a dessertspoonful sweetened condensed milk and a tablespoonful of sweetened chocolate. Sandwich rounds together with this filling.

CHOCOLATE MERINGUE BISCUITS

Ingredients: 6 oz. self-raising flour; 2 oz. semolina; 1 egg; 2 tablespoonfuls milk; 3 oz. margarine; 2 heaped tablespoonfuls sweetened chocolate.

Melt margarine till creamy. Mix in chocolate and egg yolk. Add semolina to flour. Work into mixture, together with milk. Roll out thinly on floured board. Cut in fingers about 1 inch wide and 3 inches long, lay on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. for 15–20 minutes. Cool a few minutes.

Meringue : Whisk egg white stiffly; fold in a dessertspoonful sugar, dessertspoonful condensed milk; a tableblespoonful desiccated coconut and about 6 very finely chopped glacé cherries.

Pile a little of mixture roughly down middle of each biscuit. Return to oven for a few minutes till lightly browned.

END

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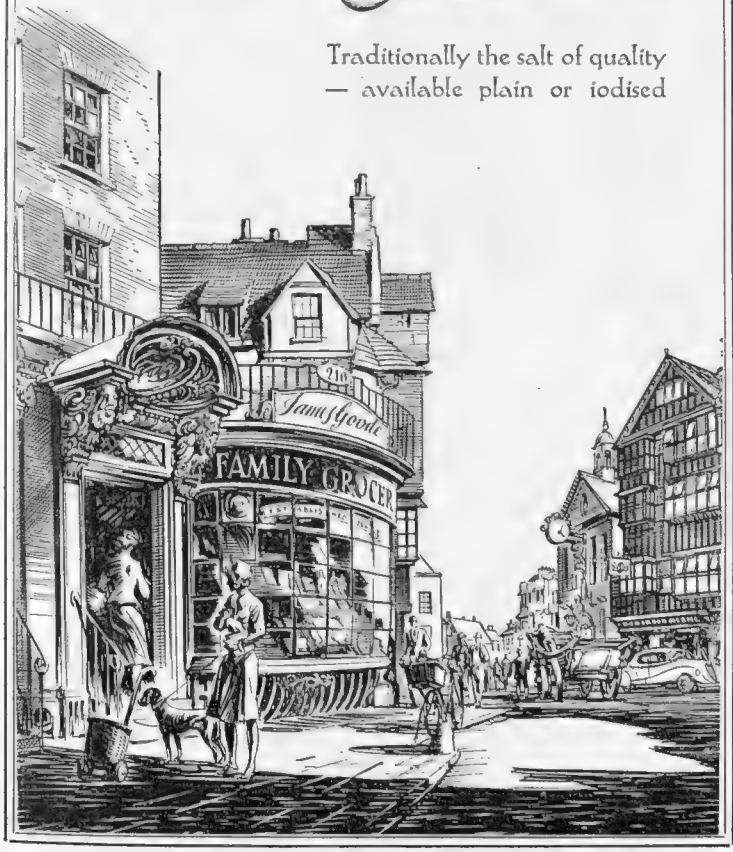

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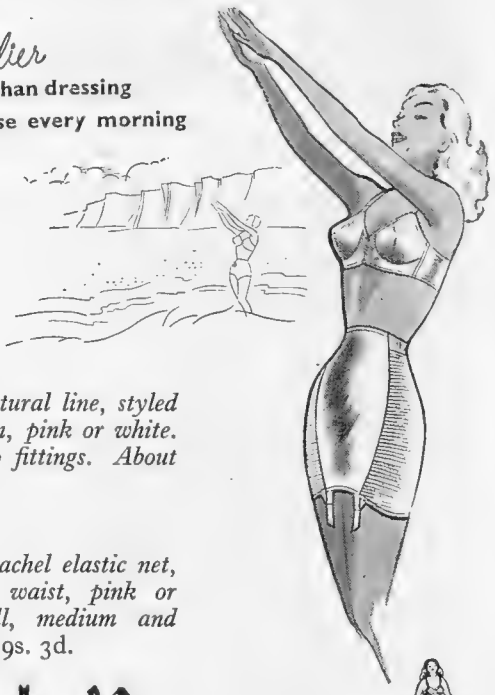

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Slip-On Sweater

(*Continued from page* 44)

11th row (wrong side of work).—Cast off 4 sts. K. to end. Work 3 rows garter st. Cast off. Join wool, and work other shoulder to match, casting off 4 sts. at beg. of 12th row.

With No. 13 needles, and right side of work facing, join wool at shoulder and pick up and k. 83 sts. around neck. Work 4 rows in garter st.

5th row.—(K. 8, k. 2 tog.) 8 times, k. 3 (75 sts.). Work 2 rows garter st. Cast off.

FRONT.—Work as for back till 16½ ins. long.

Next row.—K. 4, p. 3, cross 2 k., p. 2, s. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 22, inc., k. 1, p. 3, cross 2 k., p. 2, cast off 57, p. next 2, cross 2 k., p. 2, k. 1, inc., k. 22, k. 2 tog., p. 3, cross 2 k., p. 2, k. 4.

Work on these 43 sts., in patt., as previously, for 16 rows.

17th row.—Cast off 4 sts. K. to end. Work 3 rows in garter st. **21st row.**—K. 5, (cast off 3, k. next 5) 3 times, cast off 3, k. next 3. **22nd row.**—K. 4, (cast on 3, k. 6) 3 times. Cast on 3, k. 5.

Work 3 rows garter st. Cast off. Join wool and work other shoulder to match, casting off the 4 sts. at beg. of 18th row.

With No. 13 needles, and right side of work facing, join wool at shoulder, and pick up and k. 25 sts. down side, 56 sts. across front, and 25 sts. up other side (106 sts.).

1st row.—K. 24, k. 3 tog., k. 25, k. 2 tog., k. 25, k. 3 tog., k. 24 (101 sts.). **2nd row.**—(K. 23, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o.) 3 times, k. 23 (95 sts.). **3rd, 5th and 7th rows.**—K. **4th row.**—K. 22, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. (k. 21, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o.) twice, k. 22 (89 sts.). **6th row.**—K. 21, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o. (k. 19, s. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o.) twice, k. 21 (83 sts.).

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join the 4 cast-off sts. on both shoulders; sew front flaps over back. Measure 10 ins. down both sides of this seam and mark. Right side of work facing, join wool where marked, and pick up and k. 70 sts. to seam, and 70 sts. to other marking. Work 7 rows garter st. Cast off. Rep. on other side.

Pin out to shape, on ironing board, covered with several thicknesses of blanket, and cloth—wrong side of work facing.

Press very lightly under a damp cloth with a hot iron.

Join side seams. Sew on buttons, matching buttonholes. Sew press studs at neck edges.

END

White And Woolly

(*Continued from page* 44)

SHAPE TOP

Decrease 2 sts. each end of next row and 1 st. each end of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every 4th row 4 times; dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row until work measures 2½ ins. from beg. of armhole shaping. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows; 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off remainder.

Pockets.—Cast on 12 sts. Inc. 2 sts. each end of the next 3 rows; inc. 1 st. each end of next 6 rows. Work without shaping until pocket measures 4¾ ins. Cast off.

Collar.—Join shoulder seams. Pick up and k. 76 sts. round neck, allowing 1 in. overlap for front fastening. Working in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until collar measures 1 in. Work 4 rows without shaping. Then dec. by 1 st. at each end of alternate rows until collar measures 2½ ins. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a damp cloth and warm iron. Cut out lining from knitting, allowing for turnings. Join seams and turn up hem at bottom of coat and sleeves. Put tog. and attach lining. Turn down hem of pocket and gather to required size. Attach in position and sew on buttons.

END

Quilting

(*Continued from page* 35)

way from top to bottom then from side to side.

The quilting can now be worked. The stitches must be taken through all thicknesses of material and must be neat and even. Do not pull the stitches tightly to pucker the work. If the design is a simple geometric pattern of straight lines, the lines can be machine stitched.

IN Italian quilting, the padding is done after all the stitching has been completed. The quilting cord is inserted from the back, using a bodkin or blunt needle. To fill broad areas, it is necessary to make a small slip in the lining, through which the cotton wool can be introduced. If the shape is large, and more than one slit is required, sew up the first slip before making a second.

An alternative method of filling large raised areas is to work backwards and forwards with a needle and yarn. If coloured yarn is used and the material is transparent, the result is most effective and is known as shadow quilting.

These are only the broad principles of quilting. Practical working details are included in "Quilting by Penelope," from which the illustrative pictures have been taken.

END

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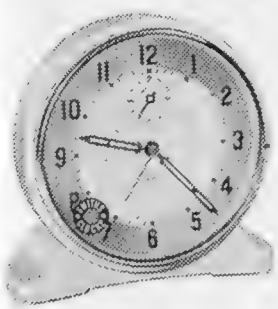

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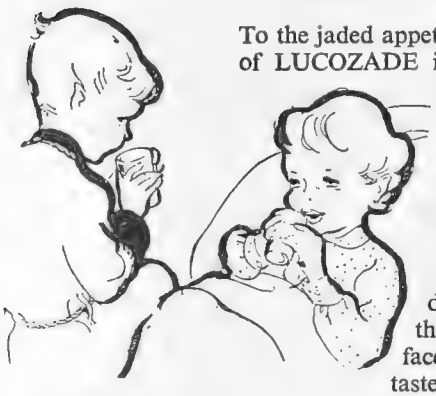

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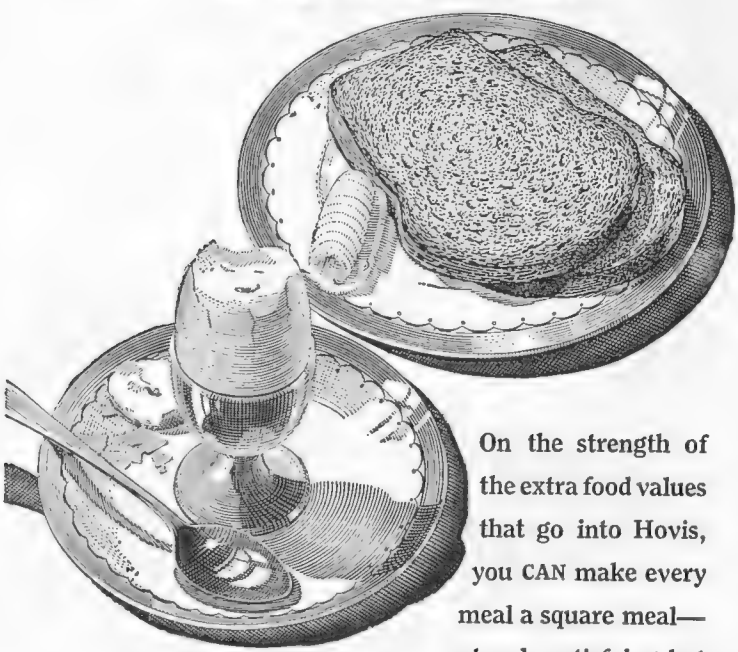

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Victoria And Albert

(*Continued from page 24*)

He arrived with his brother, Prince Ernst, in October, 1839. When Victoria, waiting for him at the top of the steps at Windsor Castle, saw her cousin, more handsome and distinguished-looking than ever, alight from his carriage, all the old feelings returned. This time the die was irrevocably cast. She knew now that she must marry him. Europe's most eligible bachelor (as Albert has been called) had captured the heart of the Queen of England.

Victoria was deeply, irretrievably in love. She wrote to her uncle Leopold (and how he must have congratulated himself!): "Albert's beauty is most striking and he is most amiable and unaffected; in short, very *fascinating*."

And what of Albert? Less volatile than his cousin, less easily stirred emotionally, he was not—it must be confessed—in love. Flattered, yes, by her devotion, stimulated by her lively company and excited by the gay life of the Court at Windsor—but not in love. Yet, even then, he felt a deep affection for her.

But he may well have been taken aback when, less than a week after his arrival, Victoria summoned him and proposed to him. He accepted—and then was born the love for Victoria that was to last until his death. That same day he wrote to her: "How is it that I have deserved so much love, so much affection?" And he signed his letter: "In body and soul ever your slave, Your loyal Albert."

For a month longer Albert and Ernst stayed on at Windsor. Albert danced, rode and enjoyed himself with Victoria in a way that he had never known in the dull provincial court at Coburg. He had never been gayer, or happier. At home, the strict training and careful education to which he and Ernst had been subjected since their youth had left no room for pleasures such as these.

But the precious days passed all too soon and the young queen, once more alone, was faced with announcing her engagement, until now a secret, to her ministers.

In natural trepidation, but heartened by a miniature of Albert which she carried in a bracelet on her arm, she faced a roomful of august Privy Councillors at Buckingham Palace, and with blushing cheek but unfaltering voice read out her declaration; and she was touched to see a tear in the eye of her friend and adviser, Lord Melbourne.

Formal congratulations were passed, but neither Victoria's ministers nor her subjects were unduly enthusiastic over the match at first. However, such was the people's kindly reaction to a girl in love—she was only twenty-one—that when she opened Parliament in January, 1840, the streets were thick with welcoming crowds, and a packed House of Lords heard her reference to her forthcoming marriage with obvious emotion.

ON February 10, 1840, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, Victoria and Albert were married. Queen's weather did not smile on them this time, for the day was cold and wet; but again the streets were crowded with cheering well-wishers, and guns roared out their salute and all the bells of London pealed forth to bless the lovers. After a grand reception at Buckingham Palace—whose centre-piece was a 300-lb. wedding-cake elaborately surmounted with a figure of Britannia and decorated with effigies of the royal couple—the Queen and her Prince left for Windsor and their honeymoon.

So began the married life of Victoria and Albert. They were young, they were devoted, they held the highest position in the land—theirs was, in fact, the fairy-tale formula for perfect happiness.

But in this world there are duties, and a queen's life is not her own. Victoria's love was unwavering, but sometimes the public demands of her position conflicted with her private inclinations as a wife. Albert's devotion never faltered, but sometimes he was frustrated by his exclusion from Victoria's official business and her intimate counsels with Lord Melbourne—and there was that officious Baroness Lehzen, whose influence with Victoria seemed to Albert to be far too strong.

But soon these petty irritations disappeared. In London, at Osborne, at Balmoral, Victoria and Albert passed their busy, purposeful days in love and understanding. To him she was the perfect wife. To her he was the perfect husband, the perfect father of their growing family. And when their years together were so tragically ended by Albert's early death at forty-two, one of the great romantic partnerships of English history ended, too.

J. W.

END

Future In The Cup

(*Continued from page 49*)

will reveal new delights for the palate. Don't be content with a single blend for all occasions. Wines are chosen with due regard to the meal they are to accompany or follow: teas can be chosen for the same reasons. Cold winter days call for a full-bodied Indian tea, while the delicate refreshing flavour of the light, golden liquoring Ceylon blends is a better choice for the summer. The rich muscatel of a Darjeeling blend deserves to be reserved for a ceremonial occasion and, as a final nightcap, the gentle China "Keemun" will soothe with its mellow fragrance.

No true gourmet would contemplate drinking precisely the same blend of tea for his breakfast as for his afternoon tea. The former must be strong and brisk, the latter should be a blend of more subtle character and delicate flavour. These quality blends will cost more than the average popular brands but on the point of economy alone remember that better tea gives more cups to the pound.

END

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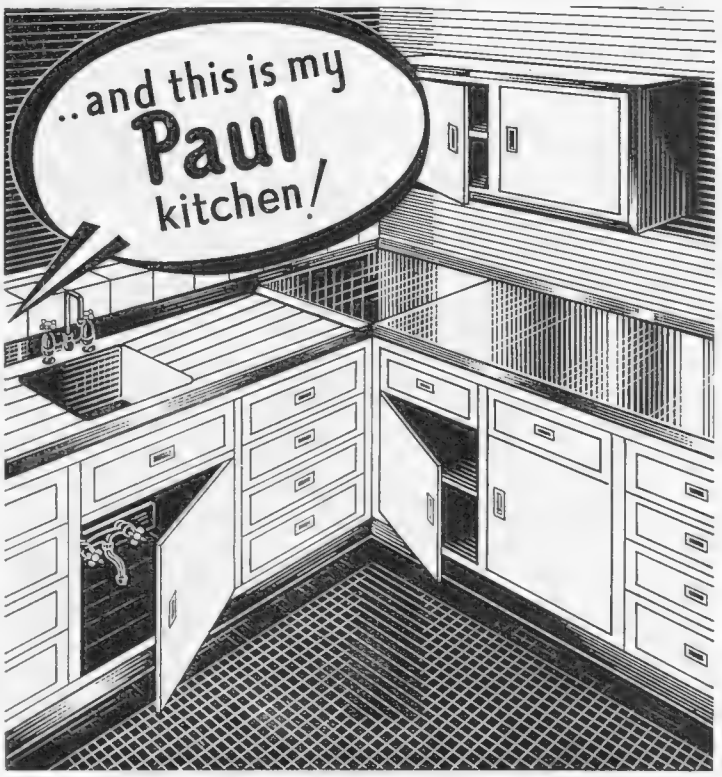

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Port Of Escape (*Continued from page* 12)

thinking me unaware. I'm at my wit's end. I tell you frankly, I'd hoped you would resent what I've just shown you. I hoped that you regarded her as your—your preserve, and would make it your business to tell him to keep his hands off—even, if necessary, to—to——"

"Frighten him off?" Randle said. "Beat him up? You can't think much of your own son, Dr. Selden, if you believe that——"

"He needs a sound thrashing," Dr. Selden shouted, "and I can't give it to him!"

"And I'm not going to," Randle said hotly. But he checked his anger with an effort; it could do Julie and Ken no good. He glanced at Mrs. Selden. She was knitting very fast, her head down. She was biting her lip; it was plain that she was shamed by the scene, but was utterly subject to her husband's will. Randle tried a reasonable tone. "Look, Dr. Selden," he said, "don't you think you might be prejudiced? Just because we're travelling steerage, I'm not necessarily a thug and Julie Dean's not necessarily—what you appear to imagine."

He told them what he knew about Julie, but the gaunt man cut in on him acidly. "An affecting story," said Dr. Selden. "No doubt she told it to you herself."

Randle bit hard on his pipe-stem; but he kept his temper. He said: "She's an intelligent and charming girl. Why not talk to her yourself? Why not walk down to the bows there and get to know her? You'd find her worth knowing."

"I regret I troubled you, Mr. Randle," Dr. Selden said icily. "But at least spare us your advice."

Randle shrugged helplessly. "I'm sorry," he said, and left them.

THERE was nothing he could do—nothing as far as he could see, that anybody could do—in face of the narrowed, bigoted stubbornness of Dr. Wilfred Selden. Randle felt sorry for Julie, sorry for Ken. Randle had lived a careless, easygoing life himself; he had gone to sea young, and an itching foot had kept him roaming, gathering no moss. He could imagine what young Ken Selden's life had been by contrast, and felt sorry for him.

"It would kill me," Dr. Selden had said—and with that phrase, that dreadful ultimatum, it was plain enough that he had bent his wife's will to do his bidding and sought now to rule his son's life.

It was a threat that worked on natural affection—the most unscrupulous threat that one human being could use against another to get his own way. What it had meant to Ken showed clearly enough in his face, fine-drawn, strained, over-sensitive. He had worked too hard at his books, haunted always by a dread of not justifying what his father had done for him, driven always by a fear of disappointing his father's vicarious ambitions. A mockery of a life! In another year or two, his shoulders would begin to round; he'd be an old man before he'd ever been a young one. What intuitive awareness of that, Randle wondered, had taken Ken into that Beirut café where he had met Julie? Ken probably had never been in such a place in his life before, certainly never had met a girl like Julie. She was the best thing that could have happened to him, as he was the best thing that could have happened to her. And they both knew it. And what could they do about it?

If they run off together, thought Randle, it'll be the old man's own fault.

But would they dare? With that phrase of his father's always in his mind—"It would kill me, kill me"—would Ken risk it? The implications of such a phrase were terrible; it imposed unjust and terrible responsibilities. Randle tried to imagine what he would do if he were in Ken's shoes, and he just didn't know.

Next morning, the steerage passengers were not privileged to behold the ceremony of the Selden family settling down for the day; Dr. Selden had had their steamer-chairs shifted to another part of the promenade deck.

Julie made no comment on this defection. And Randle sitting with her on the hatch, made no comment, either, and he said nothing to her about his interview with Dr. Selden. She knew the score. She had the courage, the easy camaraderie, bred in her by the life she had lived. She didn't parade her troubles. She was her usual self—a girl it was good to be with. But sometimes Randle saw her, off guard, gazing out over the sea with a sadness in her expression that shouldn't have been there—at nineteen.

The slow old liner thrust steadily westwards through days of sun-dazzle, lay for a couple of hours off the gaudy city of Oran, pushed on again.

Randle asked Rignon, the steerage steward, if Julie and young Selden were still meeting.

"You know everything that goes on," said Randle. "No good pretending you don't know the ins and outs of this business."

"But certainly," said Rignon, with dignity. "It is my duty to know what goes on. Yes, my friend, they are still meeting—here and there. Though not in the bows, now, figure yourself. They are more discreet, and we—we wink the eye, is it not? Tchah, your Dr. Selden sickens me! The English—the cold blood——"

"Couldn't such a situation arise in France?" said Randle.

"In France, my friend," said Rignon vauntingly, "with a girl so charming as Mees Julie, the father would be the son's fiercest rival! He would be as persistent in his attention as—as old Juzeed."

"Is he in trouble again?" said Randle.

"He is the bane of my life, that old leather-seller," Rignon declared. "Always creeping up to the first-class to hawk his *puffes*, his slippers, his writing-cases. He was caught yesterday badgering the young sheikh, Ibn-Zammour, while the tutor, Monsieur Sauvagnac, was at his siesta. Unhappily, it was the purser himself who caught Juzeed in the first-class this time—and the purser came to me, concerning my handling of my charges in the steerage here, with words rich, choice, and such as I am not accustomed to take from any man without a hot retort."

"And did you hotly retort?" said Randle, grinning.

"To the purser?" said Rignon. He exhibited the palms of a martyr. "Grace of heaven," he added, "to-morrow we reach Tangier and see the last of the ogre Juzeed."

"To-morrow," Randle said thoughtfully.

He was thinking of Julie and Ken. Julie was to go ashore at Tangier.

IT was the hour of sunset next day when the arid, red hills of the Spanish Morocco coastline loomed up on the port bow. Far off inland, faintly etched in the mauve shades of distance, rose the higher, more rugged peaks of the Rif.

Randle was sitting with Julie on the hatch. She was watching the passing shoreline; she had been silent for some time. Randle glanced at her as he filled his pipe.

"This it, Julie," he said. "We get to Tangier about seven."

"Yes," she said absently. Then she turned to him with a smile. "I shall miss you, Jim. The trip's been fun."

He looked at her steadily. "Has it, Julie? Honest?"

She knew what he meant, and her grey eyes moved from him, back to that arid coast looming now so nearly over the sea stippled with the sunset.

"Please don't," she said. "Don't talk about it." And she rose abruptly. "I must go and finish my packing."

So the old man had defeated them, Randle thought. He had defeated Julie and Ken with the same weapon as he had used to inhibit his wife's will till she had no will of her own left. "It would kill me. . . ."

Thinking of that adamant semi-invalid, Randle glanced up grimly at the first-class promenade deck. There was no one there except that other exile, that other youngster who had reaped the harvest a father had sown—Ibn-Zammour, in his snow-white burnous and head-dress, leaning alone at the rail, gazing at the remote summits of his homeland, the Rif, to which the acts of his father had forbidden him return.

Old Juzeed, in his tattered robes, heaved himself up from where he sat on the deck, his back to a ventilator, his sinewy, henna-stained feet out-thrust. He gathered his leather wares, preparatory to beginning a whining sales talk. But Ibn-Zammour turned from the rail, moved away along the promenade deck.

The quick dusk fell, the evening breeze troubled the water, and Randle stayed where he was, smoking, as the ship moved in slowly and let go her anchor. The tenders and the bumboats came out. The lights of Tangier, clustered on its dark hillside, cast their long, wavering glimmers out over the water.

Many people were landing here, and the deck of the passenger-tender, tied up shadowy alongside, soon grew crowded. Julie came back. She was carrying a small suitcase and her guitar.

"Good-bye, Jim," she said. "Write to me sometimes—Hotel Mercier, rue du Machan, Tangier. It'll be good to hear from you."

"Good-bye, Julie," he said. "Take care of yourself."

She drew her hand from his, smiled briefly, and then she was gone. Randle moved to the rail, peered along towards the tender. Passengers were still descending the gangway which slanted down from the open doors of the main-deck foyer. He saw Julie go down the gangway, step on to the tender's crowded deck. She was the last. The gangway was drawn aboard, the screw thrashed, the tender curved away from the ship's side.

Randle stood watching the tender's lights recede shorewards. There was a queer ache in his throat, and there were some queer thoughts in his mind—thoughts about having no job, no money, about being twelve years or more older than she, about her never forgetting young Selden. All the same. . . .

All the same, he was on the point of turning from the rail, of going below and packing his few things and following her ashore in the cargo-tender, which was still alongside, up forward, where the winches were clattering. He was on the point of turning when a voice called sharply:

"Mr. Randle!"

He looked round. The tall figure of Dr. Wilfred Selden, in his white suit and Panama and black woollen scarf, stood at the rail of the promenade deck.

"Mr. Randle," he said, and his voice shook, "he's gone! Ken's not in his cabin. He's not on board. He's gone aboard the tender. He's gone after her!"

Randle felt a queer, wry mingling of disappointment and gladness. He said, "Why tell me?"

"Because I think you may know where she lives in this place," said Dr. Selden, "where I shall be able to find them. If you do, I beg you to tell me. It's not too late yet. I'll stop this folly yet. Try to understand. It would kill me if he made this irrevocable. It would kill me. I beg you to tell me where she lives—where they will go——"

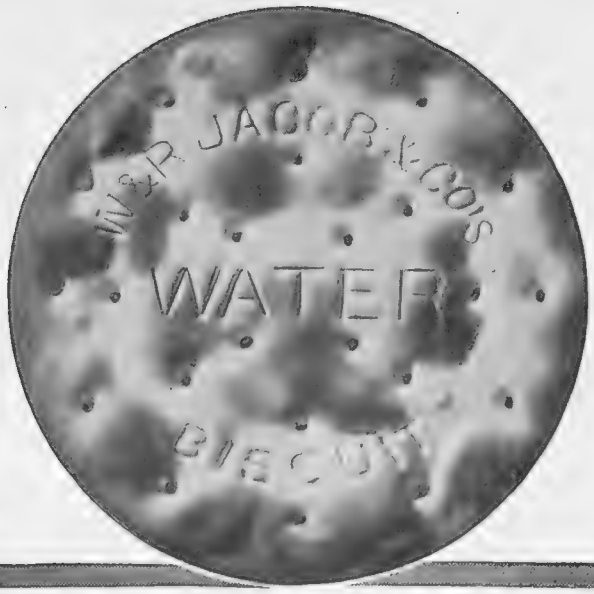
"Sorry," said Randle.

"Very well," Dr. Selden drew back from the rail. "Don't imagine you're helping them. I'll break this up without your aid. You'll see."

He turned and strode away along the promenade deck. Randle thudded up the accommodation-ladder, and followed. He didn't know just what he could do—perhaps duck Dr. Selden, once ashore, and go to Julie's address and put them on their guard.

He stepped aboard the cargo-tender close behind Dr. Selden. Selden saw him, as the tender started shorewards, but ignored him. The man's thin face and bearded lips were implacable.

The tender curved into the wharf behind the other tender, already tied up there. With Dr. Selden, Randle stepped ashore. A swarthy gendarme with a holstered belt ordered them to the Customs. The great, pink-walled shed, with its tin roof, (*Continued on page* 74)



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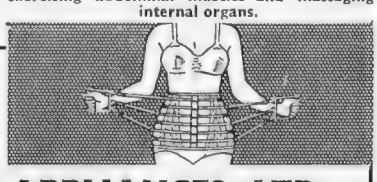

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glared with light. There were a lot of gendarmes prowling round. A dozen or so passengers from the first tender still were having their effects examined at the long, low benches.

Randle looked round quickly to see if Julie were still there. He didn't see her, but he saw Ken—saw his tall, slim figure, in grey suit and felt hat, standing before the desk of a passport inspector near the wide, sliding doors at the far end of the shed. The inspector handed Ken back his passport. Ken took it impatiently and, probably in a fever to overtake Julie, headed quickly for the wide-open doors there. His haste was ill-timed. The inspector looked after him with sudden, sharp suspicion.

"Señor! One moment. . . ."

Instead of turning, Ken quickened his pace. It was a foolish and a dangerous thing to do in Tangier, an international zone, a port plagued by contraband and false documents.

"Señor Selden!" the inspector called peremptorily. "Come back here!"

Dr. Selden heard the shout, for the first time caught sight of Ken, called his name. But his voice was drowned by a roar from the inspector:

"*Stop that man!*"

It seemed to Randle that Ken Selden lost his head completely. He made a dash for the doorway. A gendarme clutched at him and was thrust aside. Ken darted out on to the wharf, and Randle saw the gendarme, recovering himself, lunge in pursuit, jerking a revolver from his holster.

"Don't shoot!" Dr. Selden screamed. "Don't shoot!"

Randle raced forward. He reached the doorway, saw the boy running along the lamplit wharf, saw the gendarme check, saw his hand go up. The gendarme, fired an instant before Randle shoulder-charged him, sending him sprawling, and raced straight on to where Ken had staggered and fallen.

He lay face down, writhing, and Randle dropped on one knee beside him, turning him gently. "Steady, Ken! Let's. . . ." He broke off. He stared down incredulously.

It was young Ibn-Zammour.

The dark, fine eyes, looking up at Randle, seemed to recognize him—and the boy smiled faintly.

"Please—tell my tutor—Sauvagnac," he whispered. "Tell him I wanted to show him—the captain—all the ship's officers—that I could get ashore in spite of them—if I chose. A silly—escapade—perhaps. I intended to come back aboard. Sauvagnac and Ken Selden are in my cabin, tied up—gagged. I had a little help—in that job. You see, Ken Selden and myself are much the same in build—and I needed the use of a suit of his—and his passport. It worked—very well—till I lost my head in the Customs there. Silly—of me—was it not?"

His voice tailed off, his eyes closed. Excited men came running up. The inspector examined the boy swiftly, and straightened up.

"Fainted," he said. "A wound in the shoulder—trifling, I think. Two of you men get a stretcher and take him to the first-aid post along the wharf." He looked at Randle grimly. "You appear to know something of this affair, señor. Come with me. I have questions to ask—you."

They walked back to the Customs shed—and Randle saw Dr. Selden. The gaunt man was sitting on one of the low benches. Randle walked over to him, and Dr. Selden raised his head from his hands. He was shaking uncontrollably. His face was ashen, his bearded lips were bloodless.

"Dead?" he said. His voice cracked. "Is he dead?"

It dawned on Randle that Dr. Selden still thought it was Ken who had been shot. The man who always had got his way by holding the threat of his death over the heads of those who had a natural affection for him had by a freak of chance—a boy's escapade carried a little too far—had his own weapon turned against him. He had learned the bitter potency of that weapon; he had learned how it felt.

Randle thought of Julie and Ken. Dr. Selden had defeated them. They had accepted defeat before young Ibn-Zammour—with the help, Randle felt pretty certain, of old Juzeed—had tied Ken up. Dr. Selden had defeated Julie and Ken with an unscrupulous weapon that had homed upon himself.

"What would it mean to you, Dr. Selden," Randle said, "to know that Ken was safe?"

"Safe?" Dr. Selden rose, his eyes fixed on Randle. "Everything—everything in the world. Nothing else matters——"

"Ken's in Ibn-Zammour's cabin aboard," said Randle. "He's tied up—he and Monsieur Sauvagnac—but he's all right. You've nothing to worry about." He took out his pipe. He began to fill it. He said: "Do you still want that address, by any chance?"

Dr. Selden didn't answer. Randle went on filling his pipe, keeping his eyes on it. His jaws were clamped hard; they ached. It seemed to him an interminable time, in this great shed glaring with light—the passport inspector standing by, watching, uncomprehending—before Dr. Wilfred Selden spoke.

His voice was quiet. "It is a matter of true values—and false values," he said. "Yes. Yes, Mr. Randle, I should like to have that address. I want to go to her and ask her to come back aboard. I am hoping that she will come home with us—with Ken."

So Randle gave the address which he knew that, no matter where the chances of a rolling stone should take him, he would remember often in the long watches of nights at sea under the stars. Julie Dean, Hotel Mercier, rue du Machan, Tangier—a girl with a guitar.

END

Painting The Lily

(*Continued from page* 19)

described them as a commonplace couple who had acquired a rare beauty by being in love.

I said, "I know exactly what you mean."

THE *mise en scène* for the third instalment of their romance was, of all places, a dentist's waiting-room, where Loudon's head emerged from behind a copy of *Esquire*.

"Mr. Seaton!" he cried, and wrung me enthusiastically by the hand.

It is not usual to exhibit high spirits before visiting a dentist, and I made no attempt to respond in kind.

"Imagine meeting you here," he went on. "I'd no idea you were one of Parmiter's patients."

I replied that I seldom talked about my dentist when judging bathing beauties or at their subsequent weddings.

Loudon's laughter filled the waiting-room and an old gentleman, sitting in a corner nursing his mouth with a handkerchief, looked at him blackly.

Becoming confidential, Loudon said, "I'm having Parmiter fix up Ann's teeth as a matter of fact. They were a bit crooked, if you remember, and he's levelling 'em up with this new crowning process."

I said: "But why bother? I liked her teeth. They were full of character."

"I know it and they were," he agreed, "but uneven teeth are hell in a close-up. The camera won't have 'em at any price."

I may have been doing him an injustice, but he seemed to be discussing a piece of merchandise rather than an adored wife.

"So you've decided to put her into films after all," I said.

Loudon assumed an infinitely wise expression.

"Some day, but not yet. Not until she's hundred per cent in every respect. Y'see, I know the industry inside out and unless a newcomer is groomed to the final nth she'll never get to first base. Before Ann makes her bow I mean to be satisfied that there isn't a flaw in the whole works."

"Now look here, Loudon," I replied, "I know nothing about the film industry, but my job and William Shakespeare have taught me that painting the lily is a wasteful and ridiculous excess."

Before he could answer, Ann came into the room and at his bidding exhibited a row of teeth every bit as white and even and ordinary as those adorning my upper plate.

Loudon, who was delighted with the result, had to hasten back to Wardour Street, but while the gentleman with the handkerchief was receiving dental attention, Ann stayed and talked to me.

"They really are rather marvellous," she allowed, looking at their reflection in a mirror over the mantelpiece, "but somehow they don't seem to be me. I can't get used to the idea that my funny little lot are hidden under this pearly row." She turned and bared them at me. "Do I look nicer with them?"

It was not the sort of question one expected from a girl who used to resent being stared at, and it set me wondering whether when the outside of an object is altered the inside automatically adjusts itself to the new conditions.

She did not wait for my reply, but went on, "We're tackling my figure next to try and get an inch or two off the hips with massage. So far I've stood out against changing my hair and its do, but I suppose I shall have to give in. Bill is so utterly marvellous to me that it would be terribly mean not to do what he asks. He will have it that I'm going to be the loveliest film star in England."

It was rather less than kind to say: "But surely a film star needs something more than looks, doesn't she?"

"That's what I thought, but Bill says if you're pretty enough the acting will take care of itself." She stopped, looked at me searchingly, and added, "He's a bit fussed about my vowels, though. What do you think of them?"

"They are slightly antipodean," I replied.

"Is that a good thing or a bad?"

"An elocution master would be better able than I to tell you that."

"That's all right then, because I'm going to an elocution teacher next week for voice production."

To collect his hat, the gentleman who had substituted a victory smile for his handkerchief, reappeared and gave me a callous nod when the receptionist said:

"Mr. Parmiter is ready for you now."

Before going up to the torture chamber I took Ann's hand and bade her beware of losing her identity in the pursuit of loveliness.

FOLLOWING the first night of a Rattigan play, I was at the Savoy eating grilled kidneys when Loudon presented himself and said that he was at a table behind "that pillar over there" and it must be a year since last we met and how was I?

"A year older," I replied.

He said he wanted to introduce me to someone I had never met before, so when I had finished supper would I "kick in for a glass of brandy?"

As I had been intending to have a brandy and it would have been uneconomic to prevent someone else from paying for it, I said I would join them presently.

I found Loudon at a table with a girl whose pale gold hair was bubbling with curls. One of her hands lightly held a champagne glass and I saw that the fingernails were lacquered in a delicate shade of pink like Neapolitan coral. Her figure was spare and slight as a boy's save for the bosom which was full and impudently uplifted like a couple of snub noses. She wore an evening dress of oyster satin and over the chairback had tossed an expensive mink stole. Loudon said something and pointed and as she turned to greet me with a smile that revealed the Parmiter ivories and a complexion as pink and white as a piece of Battersea enamel, I realized that I was attending the obsequies of the late Ann Wilson.

With the lazy grace of a swan craning its neck, her hand silked out towards me and, in a voice so low (*Continued on page* 76)

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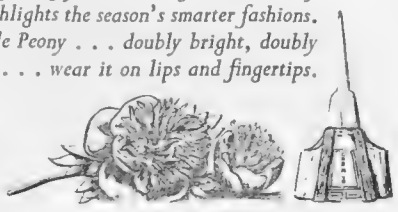

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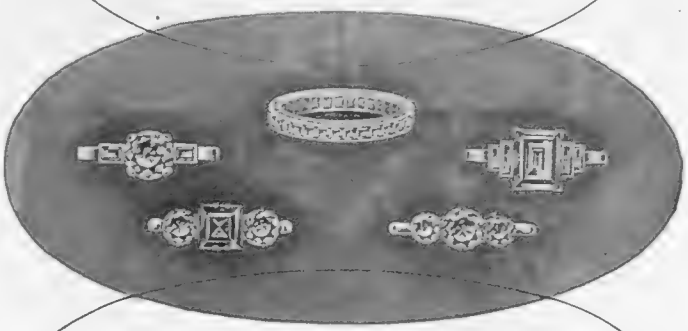

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and deep that even Garbo might have trembled for her laurels, she spoke my name.

"Can you beat it?" Loudon demanded excitedly. "Would you have believed it possible? She made her first screen test yesterday morning and the whole studio was on the roof about her. Do you remember that crumb Donald Beam saying I'd never bring it off and me telling him that my mother bred no fools? Well, who was right? Do you know, when I look at Ann, and incidentally she's Annette from now onwards, I feel like a great artist surveying his masterpiece. No, I don't though, for his creations are nothing better than images on canvas or in marble, while mine is a living, breathing thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

I was shocked that any man could be guilty of such vulgarity and even more shocked that Ann made no effort to stop him.

I didn't get my brandy, for a moment later Ann said she was tired and was going home.

She caused quite a sensation on the way out and had already acquired the film star trick of attracting attention while seeming to be unaware of it.

In the foyer, Loudon promised to send me one of her latest photographs and looked puzzled when I asked if I couldn't have an X-ray instead.

DURING the months that followed a lot of rubbish about Ann appeared in the papers and there were many predictions that a new star was rising in the firmament.

I did not go to the première of her first film but the notices were quite flattering, and shortly afterwards I read that she had been cast to play opposite Donald Beam in *Love Lies Bleeding*.

The title was prophetic. One night as I was thinking of going to bed the door bell of my flat rang violently and, thinking the caller might be one of these up-to-date cracksmen who obtained admittance by using the bell in lieu of a jemmy and then crown whoever opens the door with a cosh, I inquired through the letterbox who was there.

"It's me—Bill Loudon. I've got to see you."

I thought he must have been on a jag when he staggered into the hall, for his usually dapper appearance had fallen into complete dishevelment. Reading my thoughts, he said:

"I'm not drunk. I wish I was, but liquor won't bite."

I led him by the arm to a chair in my study and poured a lot of whisky into a glass.

He gulped it down, started to cry, then blurted out, "It's Annette—she's gone. Don't say anything. Don't speak. I damn nearly threw myself in the river on my way here. Would have if I'd passed anywhere near it. I think I'm going mad."

It seemed that Ann had not come home the night before. He had not worried because she was working on a night exterior and had warned him if it went on too late that she would sleep on her dressing-room couch at the studio. But when he rang up at nine in the morning, he was told that she hadn't been there either. He was beginning to panic when the first post came and with it a letter from Ann saying that she and Donald Beam were in love; that she would be sending someone to the flat to collect her clothes and that he mustn't be too miserable about it all.

That she thought of her clothes before his lacerated heart was significant, but remembering that his recent efforts had been concentrated on polishing up her outer surfaces the fact was not altogether surprising.

I asked if they had quarrelled and he replied:

"Never. I loved her too much, you know that. You know how I loved her from the very start and ever since I've dreamed of and worked for nothing but her happiness."

"Happiness or success?" I queried gently.

"I wanted to give the world something beautiful," he moaned and tears ran down his cheeks. "All I asked was to be known as the luckiest devil alive because she was my wife."

Having imagined himself to be that it seemed the act of a lunatic to bother about other people's opinion on the subject. However, I suppose he was made that way.

His efforts to "contact her" had failed, for she would not answer the telephone and declined to see him when he called at the studio. He had devoted the rest of the day to mopping up whisky and despairing and out of his despair had risen the forlorn hope of enlisting me as an intercessor.

Suspecting this to be the object of his visit, I had made up my mind to say no, but by the time he reached the point of asking me he was too drunk safely to be refused. For with more than a hint of truculence, he declared:

"If it hadn't been for you I would never have married her, so it's up to you to get her back."

I promised to do my best and put him to bed in the spare room. The last of his wits deserted him when I turned out the light for, as if the matter had not already been mentioned, he said:

"Some swine has run away with my wife."

I said I knew and was very sorry.

"Ah, but who is he?" he demanded thickly.

I advised him to try and forget about it until morning.

"But . . . I can't . . . can't forget. Gotta know who he is." There was silence, then came the startling question, "Was it you?"

"No," I shouted, and locked my bedroom door before going to sleep.

I KNEW one or two executives at Chatsworth Studios so had no difficulty about getting in. I also knew that the domestic affairs of a star must take second place to their professional duties. So before attempting to see Ann I asked Lessing, who was directing her picture, whether he thought it would upset her too much if I tackled the problem during working hours.

"Not a bit," he assured me. "I wish it would, then, perhaps, I could wring a few real emotions out of her afterwards. But our Annie only changes according to how you light her. She isn't wanted yet awhile, so I'll take you along to her room."

I found Ann regarding herself in a mirror through a screen of exotic flowers. She asked if Bill had sent me. I said he had and that he was suicidal at the time.

She said, "I'm sorry, but I can't see how it was to be helped."

"How what was to be helped? Your having an affair with Donald Beam?"

"Yes. It was entirely Bill's idea to glamourize me. I was perfectly content to go on as we were. But as we've done it and seem to have brought it off it's absurd of him to imagine that the only change would be what I looked like. As Donald says, it's no good trying to be a world's sweetheart if you grub along with somebody like Bill. You've got to do what your public expects you to do."

I asked if she was walking out of Bill's life and into Donald's to oblige the public or for a more personal reason.

"I don't know. I don't even know whether I will join up with Donald—at least not permanently. But I shall never go back to Bill. I must go on, not back."

"Then the fact that you're breaking his heart doesn't influence the situation?"

She said, "Bill's very tough. He'll get over it. He'll have to."

"Why have to?"

"Because it wouldn't do him any good if I did go back. You see, it isn't this me he's breaking his heart for, but the old me who doesn't exist any more."

I asked if she wanted me to tell him that.

"Yes, I think so."

Then I said, "Would it be stretching your good nature too far to include a word or two of thanks for what he's done for you?"

She thought that over before replying, "No, I don't want you to do that because I'm not sure yet whether I do thank him."

There was a light knock at the door and Donald Beam strolled in.

Ann said, "It's Mr. Seaton, Don. Don't you remember?"

He said he didn't, but smiled quite pleasantly when he saw that I was going.

When I got back to town I called at the Wardour Street office and was relieved to see that Bill's hair was brushed and his tie was in the middle of his collar. As he seemed to have taken a grip on himself I told him straight out that there was nothing doing. He asked what Ann had said and was most impressed by what I told him of our conversation. He said that she had her head screwed on all right all right; also that she was the most teachable girl he had ever dealt with.

While we were talking his secretary brought him a cablegram from Hollywood which he read and tossed over to me. It asked him to quote terms for Ann to make a picture on the coast immediately following her present assignment.

That cable acted on Loudon like a blood transfusion, for after it he looked and talked like a new man.

"She owes all this to me," he said, "and I'll take care that she pays everything back and then some." He tapped his teeth with a fingernail and rang for his secretary. "Y'know there's a bright side to this tragedy, Mr. Seaton. If she had gone off with some bit or extra it would have properly thrown a monkey wrench into the works, but Donald Beam is right in the middle of the public eye." Then, to his secretary, who had just come in. "Get Mrs. Loudon on the phone."

"But she won't answer, Mr. Loudon."

"Tell her it's about an offer from Hollywood. She'll answer fast enough."

He caught my eye and nodded and I knew that the man who never missed a trick was in charge again.

END

There's Nothing New

(*Continued from page 52*)

town." Later, the husband left in a hurry and could not find his signet ring. The wife tells him, "As for your signet, I found it upon your table the same day that ye went hence, and I send it to you by Richard Herberd, bearer thereof."

Again we hear of shortages, as when Margaret Paston begs her husband to find something under the counter in London, "I pray you that ye will vouchsafe to do buy for me one lb. of almonds and one lb. of sugar, and, that ye will do buy some frieze to make of your children's gowns, for there is neither good cloth nor good frieze in this town." Many modern housewives will echo that sad lament.

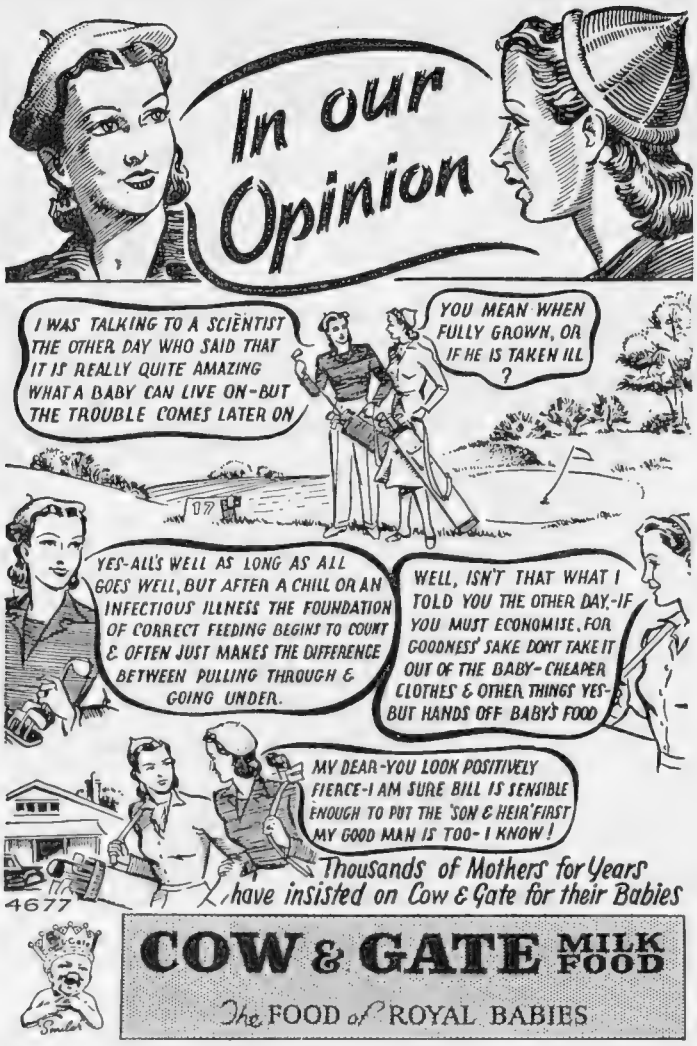
ONE of the family, cousin Mary, produced an infant for which she could give no satisfactory account, thus earning her dismissal from the family circle, as we learn from this letter, "As for your cousin Mary, she is no longer with us, as upon Saint Matthew's Even she departed from me and went to Audrey Croxton, and she told me that ye would pay for her board there."

As for public events, here is news of the frequent French landings on the Norfolk coast: "There have been many enemies against Yarmouth and Cromer, and have done much harm, and taken many Englishmen; and the said enemies have been so bold that they come up to the land, and play them on Caister Sands."

And yet the final impression is of home life, as in this young man's letter to his mother, "Also, mother, I beseech you that there may be purveyed by the same messenger two pair of hose, one pair black and another of russet, which be ready made for me at the hosier's with the crooked back, next to the Black friar's gate within Ludgate. I beseech you that this gear be not forgotten, for I have not an whole hose for to don. Your son and lowly servant, John Paston, the youngest."

"Not a whole hose to don." Indeed, there is nothing new!

J. H. B. PEEL.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WELL, ISN'T THAT WHAT I TOLD YOU THE OTHER DAY.-IF YOU MUST ECONOMISE, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE DONT TAKE IT OUT OF THE BABY-CHEAPER CLOTHES & OTHER THINGS YES-BUT HANDS OFF BABY'S FOOD
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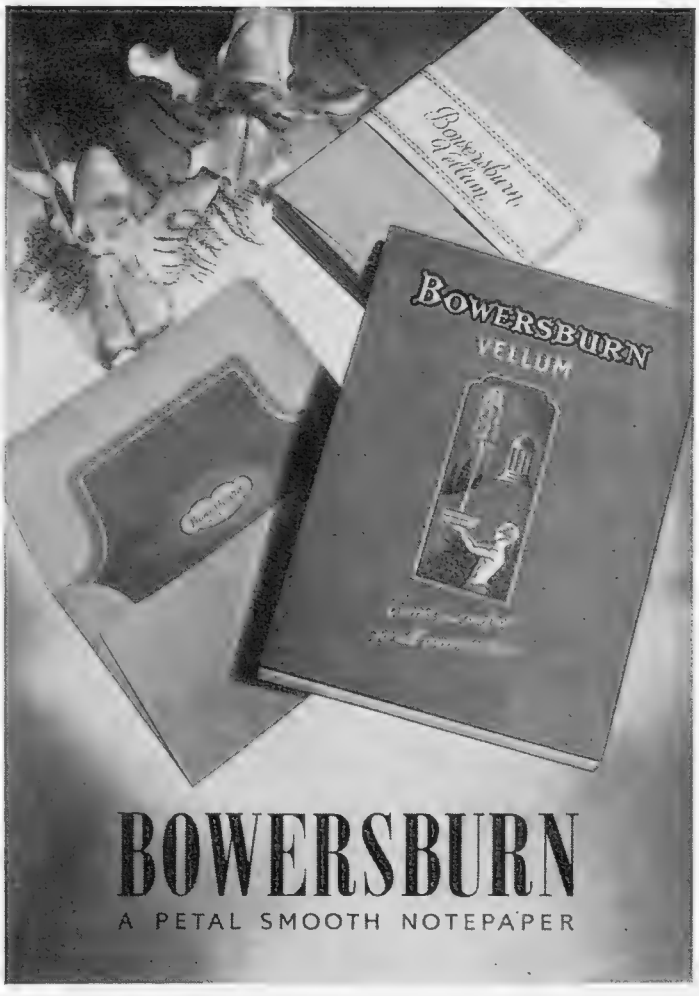

Taking Away Their Wealth (*Continued from page* 13)

Jersey domicile—and successfully fought the claims of the Inland Revenue. The celebrated exchanges between Sir Robert's doughty widow and the Chancellor of that day will be recalled. She finally made a seven-figure contribution—but as an act of grace.

The transfer of wealth to relations or friends to be effective must have been made a full five years before death. It is a method few people care about, since the donee can at any time exercise full legal rights.

The legal advisers of Earl Fitzwilliam sought a way out by certain devices. In consideration of the payment of shares and life assurances, Earl Fitzwilliam obtained for himself an annuity. But, on his death, nine years later, the Crown claimed Death Duties on the value of the property thus surrendered in exchange for fixed income. The Inland Revenue lost the case, but the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Cripps, introduced legislation making such devices thereafter illegal.

DEATH Duties provide an interesting example of how, without change of legal form, a land tenure has been divested of its former character. For a freehold or fee simple is ownership from the Crown, extending indefinitely beyond the lifetime of the owner. Thus, before the imposition of high land taxes and Death Duties, it was possible for an estate to be held in one family for centuries, passing from father to son.

Take the Ashton Court Estate. This property of 2,250 acres has been held by the Smyth family for over four hundred years (since 1543). Now it is broken up to meet Death Duties.

There are many estates of that kind throughout the country, estates held by people who regard the land as a trust and the maintenance of soil fertility as a first duty. Very often the revenue did little more than maintain the estate in good order.

Can a man inheriting a freehold of this character to-day regard himself as inheriting a property which he will in due course be able to pass on to his heir? Of course he cannot. And actually what he receives is generally a truncated estate which, after his own Death Duties have been paid, will be but a fraction of what his father's was.

A freehold, then, is no longer a land tenure under the Crown conferring possession in perpetuity. It has been converted by Death Duties into a wasting asset, an asset that diminishes, like Balzac's Ass's Skin, at each demise.

TAKE next the man whose wealth consists in his business. Ours is a land of individualists and so we should not be surprised to learn that in one of our major industries—engineering—the bulk of the firms do not employ five hundred workpeople.

Many engineering firms, and many businesses of all kinds, are family affairs. A great grandfather founded it, a grandfather and a father expanded it. But the son may not inherit it.

Why? Because in order to meet Death Duties shares held by the family for generations must be offered on the open market to meet the Death Duties demanded.

In this way control passes from the family to the big combine and the creative workers who built the business cease to guide its destinies or perhaps even own it.

There is in Leeds, Yorkshire, a notable local family named Oxley. Their prosperity was founded in the engineering industry many years ago. Hard-headed, hard-working and far-seeing, the Oxleys prospered, creating wealth for themselves and wealth for the State.

What is their reward? In twenty years, Death Duties have been exacted from this virile family amounting to £2,250,000. Let the process proceed and Oxleys cease to be Oxleys: the State will have swallowed the citizen.

THE gigantic sums taken by Death Duties represent capital. To raise them land has to be sold, or shares put on the market. The well-to-do citizen, and the really rich man, have turned over a considerable part of their total possessions to the State.

One thinks, for example, of the great firm of papermakers, Wiggins, Teape, whose chairman, Lord Portal, died in 1949. Two-thirds, some £1,569,415, of this rich industrialist's estate went in Death Duties.

Such an impost can be met only by the sale of land or the sale of holdings in industry.

Money invested in the land or in industry is employed in creative production.

What happens to it when it is taken by the Treasury?

It is treated as national income. It is used wisely and well for all the people; or it is squandered in their name, according to the quality of the government in power for the time being. Death Duties may provide us with a magnificent Navy; or they may finance a Groundnuts Scheme.

Whichever it is, there is only cold comfort for the man who sees his ancestral acres go into the hands of strangers, or the product of the thrift and acumen of his forebears confiscated by the State.

END

Have Animals A Sense Of Fun? (*Continued from page* 20)

her audience and squirting a stream of water over them. In the end, so many suits and dresses were spoiled that the keepers took care to warn visitors to "stand clear!" whenever their charge was having a drink.

Then there are the bears. Most bears possess a ready wit—indeed, you have only to look at the animals on the Mappin Terraces to be convinced of this. All are "old hands," thoroughly schooled in the art of mendicancy; and they know full well that the more they can make people laugh, the greater will be the flow of titbits. This not unnaturally stimulates their inventive powers, so that they are always trying to think out new and amusing antics (no matter how grotesque) which will result in a brisk "trade."

Only recently, two of the liveliest funmakers in the Gardens were the young brown bears, Jack and Daphne, housed in a large circular "pit" near the lion house. This pair used to have endless fun with a ladder set against a tree in their enclosure. Although tied at the top, the ladder was unfastened at its base, and the greatest game of each cub was to push the base away just as the other was about to ascend—or even when the climber was halfway up.

One might not expect to find much evidence of fun-appreciation in the lion house, yet even here there are jungle-cats whose enjoyment of a humorous situation is plainly evident. At the moment, the one who "loves his little joke" best is young Baccha, a two-year-old tiger. Having once been a "pet" and accustomed to water, Baccha takes a bath daily, winter and summer; and nothing delights him more than suddenly to jump into his bathtub and drench the nearest bystanders.

Birds are not normally great fun-lovers, but I can recall some notable exceptions.

There was the case of Jerry the magpie, a bird who brought up in captivity, was eventually given to the Zoo because of his acquisitive propensities. Like many others of his kind, Jerry had a passion for collecting small bright objects, to acquire which he would sometimes resort to almost incredible guile.

One of the favourite tricks of this avian "humorist" was to come nearly up to the front cage-wires and sit there, looking as though he wished to be tickled, but—by careful design!—just out of reach of one's fingers. Jerry did this quite deliberately, experience having taught him that, if a visitor could not reach him with his finger, he would most likely use a pencil or fountain pen to achieve his aim. Whereupon, no sooner was the object passed through the mesh than the wily magpie either seized it, or snatched off the shining metal cap. Then he would sit up on his perch, chuckling at the success of his schemes thoroughly enjoying his victim's dismay.

Still, Jerry did not always "come off best," I remember. I once saw the tables turned upon him with a vengeance. A visitor chanced to tickle the magpie with a finger which was encased in a loose leather-fingerstall. As usual, Jerry grabbed the finger and—the stall came off in his beak!

The experience unnerved Jerry "more than somewhat." And small wonder! I have little doubt that he thought the visitor had actually parted with his finger, on much the same principle as a captured lizard sheds its tail.

For a moment the magpie tried to ignore his "prize." But, his courage returning, he eventually reclaimed it, carried it cautiously to a cranny at the rear of the aviary, and there gave it decent "burial."

END

What Of The Future? (*Continued from page* 31)

"It's so perturbing," she told the colonel.

"You'll get over it," he volunteered.

He had been prospecting on her account, and he had had an idea. The owners were selling the Harlequin Hotel, which meant that he might lose his job. His job was important to him, for he had only got it with difficulty, and the idea of losing it was most abhorrent. He took her round to have a look at the hotel.

To Miss Pippet it was a most charming place, smaller than the Bella Maria, and far nicer, and it had a little *patio* over which a blue plumbago sprawled, and pink roses clustered.

"It's delightful," she said.

The price was low. In August the season is ending, and hotels are cheap—as they go. Miss Pippet stood there and she suddenly knew that herein lay her future. A strange sequence of events had enclosed her, and her end was being shaped for her.

"If you could stay to manage it the same as before, I'd buy it," she said.

"I should be delighted to stay. That was what I had hoped. . . ." he told her. He was a charming man.

Miss Pippet was so enthralled with everything that was happening to her, that she never realized that time was passing until she received the postcard reminding her that the new term began on Tuesday. Terms were no longer important. Teaching had ceased to be. It had occupied far too much of her life already and now she was sick of it. I wonder what happens next, she thought.

"Of course," said the gossips at the Bella Maria, "she'll marry the colonel, one could see he was after it from the moment that she got all that money."

She liked him very much, but after all fifty was coming closer, and she hoped he would not feel that managing the hotel for her meant that he had compromised her and that therefore it was his duty to propose to her. Miss Pippet had no leanings towards marriage. She preferred single bliss.

She did not go back to the casino, for there was no need; she felt that it had already served its purpose. She was wildly happy, asking nothing of to-morrow, seeing that to-day was so glad.

Her home town was amazed. Rumour had it that she had met a handsome man—a major or something like it—and that she was having an affair, (*Continued on page* 80)

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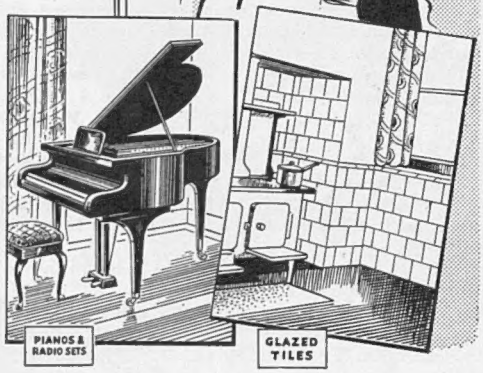

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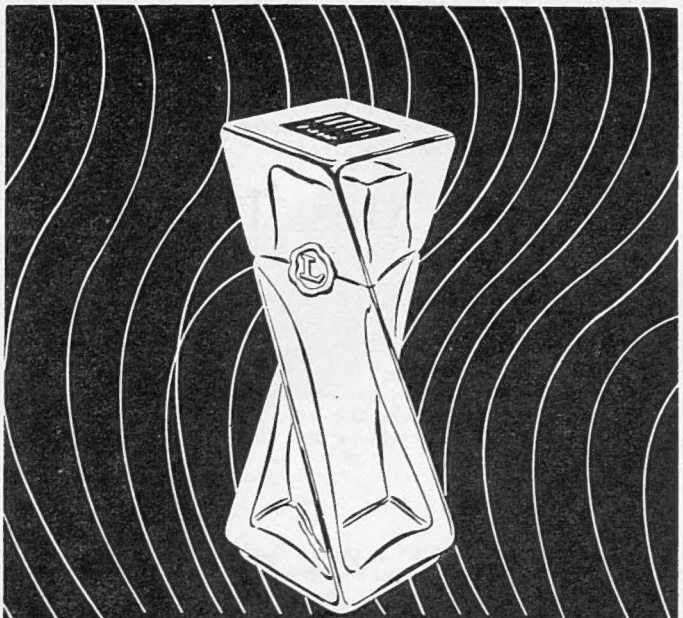

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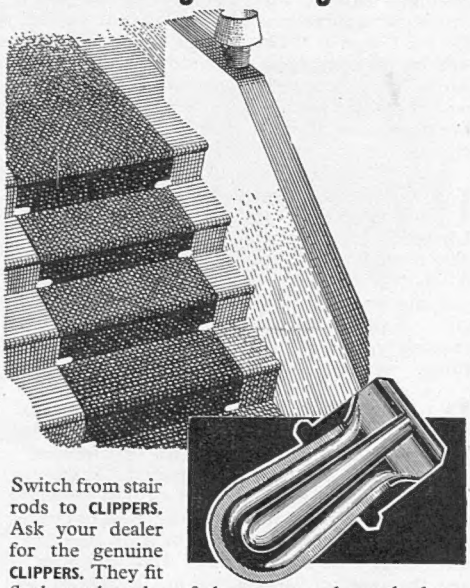

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but rumour is not always entirely truthful.

Sometimes she wondered why the colonel had retired from the Army and had also left England for Juan les Pins; later she discovered why. One day a large, horsey-looking woman strode into the Harlequin, and demanded the Colonel Sahib, in a bold New Delhi voice! She, and not the dud lung, had been his reason for absence from England. She was his wife!

The curious thing was that Miss Pippet was not entirely dismayed, for she still felt that the colonel had been a very good friend and that she owed him much. She was a forgiving woman, kind in the extreme, and only sorry that he must have had such a shocking life with the horsey-looking wife.

And what of the future? Ah well, none can prophesy, and the future is always a debatable point. You never know. But although teaching infants may not be the best grounding for the management of a charming hotel in Juan les Pins, I think that I can safely say that Miss Pippet is doing very nicely, thank you. That should be sufficient.

END

What Of The Future?

Most Important Feature

(*Continued from page 47*)

others intensify it. Here it is a question of experiment, everyone for herself, for there is almost as much variety in eye colouring as there is in fingerprints. In the case of eyes of a clear, definite colour, the problem is quite a simple one—blue enhances blue, violet intensifies violet and so on—but with the in-between shades, the hazels, the browns, flecked with green, the grey-blues and the green-greys, the complementary colours can often only be found by trial and error. Sometimes the addition of a pair of the right coloured ear-rings, or a touch of the necessary shade at the throat, will make all the difference.

Eye shadow is a great asset in enhancing eye colour. Remember that there are many greens, greys and violets besides black and brown. The same applies to mascara which can now be obtained in a permanent tear-proof, waterproof form. Blue-black, dark browns, mid browns are all alternatives to black which appears unbecomingly hard on all lashes except those which are naturally black, and even these are apt to bleach at the tips.

END

Books

(*Continued from page 32*)

island is quiescent and totally at peace. And for the moment, so are we." And that goes for the reader, too.

IT is sad to reflect that at a time when we are sentimentalizing the Victorians—1851, Dear Albert, and All That—their architecture gets only a raspberry from the people who know. In **"Nineteenth Century Architecture in Britain"** (Batsford, 21s.) Reginald Turnor even talks of the "architectural chaos" bequeathed to us by them, which reached its lowest ebb about the time of the Great Exhibition. At least there's nothing wrong with the architecture of this handsome book, which expertly surveys the subject from the Regency onwards, with a wealth of photographs and drawings.

WHO would have thought that a hardware assistant-storekeeper in a mammoth Emporia, who conjures in his spare time and induces hypnotic delusions in his audiences, could arouse the hatred of his millionaire-magnate employer? But he does, even to the verge of murder, because—says half-mad Mr. Pemberger—"he mocked me and defeated me in my own territory," and the conjurer's flighty young wife, incidentally, becomes caught up with a gang of petty crooks whose rackets add fuel to that hatred. F. L. Green's **"The Magician"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) is another story of that subworld of psychological melodrama and unreality he has made intensely his own, with a breathless night-chase through Emporia for climax.

HOW invigorating, by contrast, the brave sea-light of Taffrail's **"The Jade Lizard"** (Hodder and Stoughton, 9s. 6d.) which recounts the raiding exploits of Lieut. Blount, R.N.V.R., in an M.L. in the Aegean and his love for a beautiful Greek resistance girl! Taffrail loses none of his skill. This bracing yarn will be welcomed as the "real thing" wherever the White Ensign flies.

R. H. MOTTRAM is a long way from his unforgettable "Spanish Farm" in **"One Hundred and Twenty-Eight Witnesses"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), the story of a young girl who, adrift after the loss of parents and grandparent, finds herself in a juvenile court for consorting with a youth in a disused air-raid shelter at night. The "128 witnesses" are the distinct strains we are supposed to inherit from our parents and forbears, but her legal representative in the case cites only three generations to explain her conduct in the light of heredity and upbringing. A humanly interesting problem on an unusual theme.

STORIES of the uncanny need to be tough these days if their chills are to touch the spine as well as the head. L. P. Hartley's have literary distinction, and sometimes an ingenuity that leaves the normal thriller-reader a little perplexed. For example, the title-story of **"The Travelling Grave and Other Stories"** (Barrie, 9s. 6d.) presupposes that the guests, arriving at a country house, at once play hide-and-seek in the dark with a host who collects coffins and some grim contraption that bores through floors! Three of the twelve are new.

THE Max Murray morgue grows apace. This time it is **"The Neat Little Corpse"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) floating in a Jamaican bay. It planned to dispossess the family at the Great House by salvaging documents from an old chest in a ship sunk 150 years ago; but the plot went deeper than that, involving more corpses not so neat. Ghostly guppies and other West Indian bogeys play a part in this Neat Little Thriller.

THE theft of a Leonardo picture—or was it?—provides the mystery in Hilary St. George Saunders's **"The Sleeping Bacchus"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.): one of those tangles of former "Francis Beeding" ingenuity that need a lot of clever unravelling at the end.

HISTORICAL novels which merit attention, David Emerson's **"Dark Bright Rose"** (Hurst and Blackett, 9s. 6d.) presents vividly that high-spirited Whig beauty, the Hon. Mrs. Caroline Norton, Sheridan's granddaughter, her unhappy marriage to a Tory bully, and the loss of her three sons following his alienation suit against her friend Lord Melbourne. The social and political background, with its famous figures, is remarkably well drawn. W. Victor Cook's **"Adventure Under Arms"** (Harrap, 10s. 6d.), about seadog-pirate-slave-explorer Capt. John Smith and his love for Indian princess Pocahontas; Edna Lee's **"The Web of Days"** (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.), the romance of a governess to a Georgia plantation family after the Civil War.

HARRY HERVEY'S **"Barracoon"** (W. H. Allen, 9s. 6d.) is the stockaded pen where the Portuguese traders herded their slaves on the West African coast. One, Dom da Castro, had a gentle, convent-reared young wife, and the story concerns the love of an English lieutenant of a patrol ship for her, complicated by her affection for a boy-slave, the jealous enmity of a clerk, and her husband's murder. Tense, tropical drama in primary colours, with no pastel shades to soften the action.

IT needs courage, these days, to tackle a story of Napoleonic times in the robust *Lorna Doone* tradition. J. H. B. Peel's Lieut. Robin Tregoney of the frigate *Amethyst* is "hero" in every sense of **"Sea Drift"** (Barker, 9s. 6d.). Driven ashore in France, he falls for a seductive comtesse, loses at the gaming tables, loses his Commission over a promissory note he cannot meet, smuggles political refugees across the Channel, finds himself in a smuggling racket, and ends as highwayman holding up the Bodmin Mail to intercept an execution warrant and save from the gallows a young friend wrongly held for murder. It is all as breezy as a bright Cornish day, with this one fault: that Tregoney, telling his own story as an old man, writes too often like poet-philosopher Peel, who should not permit his characters to plagiarize him in this way.

MAY SUTHERLAND strikes an original approach to Mary, Queen of Scots' story in **"Uneasy Lies the Head"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) by letting her faithful nurse, Janet, tell it. "I know not what I shall make of it, not being over fluent with words," she pleads—but with Miss Sutherland's help acquits herself nobly through 320 pages of well-told drama.

OTHER NOVELS

"The Four Cornered Story," by Frank Chittenden (Boardman, 9s. 6d.); **"But the Morning Will Come,"** by C. R. Sumner (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.); **"Home for a Night,"** by Mollie Hales (Hodder and Stoughton, 9s. 6d.); **"Without a Voice,"** by Louise Collis (Faber and Faber, 10s. 6d.); **"Draw Back the Curtain,"** by Vicky Lancaster (Hale, 9s. 6d.); **"Death in Four Colours,"** by Brandon Bird (Constable, 9s. 6d.); **"Untamed,"** by Helga Moray (Museum Press, 10s. 6d.); **"The Baited Blonde,"** by Robinson Maclean (Arthur Barker, 8s. 6d.); **"Black Alibi,"** by Cornell Woolrich (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.); **"These Men and Women,"** by Sydney Horler (Museum Press, 9s. 6d.); **"The Hungry Spider,"** by Selwyn Jepson (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Ladies' Pleasaunce,"** by May Edginton (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"One Green Bottle,"** by Elizabeth Coxhead (Faber, 10s. 6d.); **"Cherchez La Femme,"** by Bruce Graeme (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Don't Go Away Mad," by William Saroyan (Faber, 12s. 6d.); **"The Brighter Side of Cricket,"** by R. C. Robertson-Glasgow (Arthur Barker, 6s.); **"The Ginger Griffin,"** by Ann Bridge (Penguin, 2s.); **"Mary Lavelle,"** by Kate O'Brien (Penguin, 1s. 6d.); **"Music 1951,"** edited by Ralph Hill (Pelican, 2s. 6d.); **"How Green Was My Valley,"** by R. Llewellyn (Penguin, 2s. 6d.); **"C. Day Lewis,"** (Penguin, 1s. 6d.); **"Stefan Zweig,"** edited by Hanns Arens (Allen, 10s. 6d.); **"I Married An Explorer,"** by Miriam MacMillan (Hurst and Blackett, 15s.); **"The Young Brahms,"** by Sybil Deucher (Faber, 10s. 6d.).

END

1.5.51

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

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